

THE FAVORITE

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.
OR SIX CENTS, U.S. Cr.

For the Favorite.
MUSIC.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

There is music in the air,
As in zephyr breeze it blows,
Telling of opening spring-time
And ending the reign of snows.
There is music in the blast,
As in mighty wrath it breaks
Over the lakes and oceans,
Crusting with foamy flakes.

There is music in the brooklet
As it trickles to the river;
There is music in the noble stream
Which floweth on for ever.
There is music in the ocean
When in thunder's tone it speaks,
And raiseth up its haughty crest
In foam-capped towering peaks.

There is music in a clump of trees
In the still, calm twilight hour,
When every happy little bird
Is flitting to its bower.
There is music in the forest
When the wind with giant might
Strides fiercely through and leaves
Its pride, all shattered in a night.

There is music all around us,
Above and underground,
A solemn voice of warning
In every form and sound.
In every little pebble
We kick away from sight
There is Nature's music ringing
If we only hear aright.

God's voice is always near,
In every sound we hear;
In the loudest roar or faintest sigh
That falleth on the ear.
Sometimes in mighty accents
It tells us of His might,
Sometimes in peaceful whispers
It woos us to His sight.

For the Favorite.

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,

OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT IV.

ON THE TRACK.

SCENE III.

MR. MORTON GETS INFORMATION.

The trifling matter of providing bail for Mr. Fowler having been satisfactorily arranged by Mr. Farron, the two gentlemen left the Station, accompanied by Mr. Harway, and proceeded to the Jacques Cartier Hotel where Mr. Harway insisted that it was necessary to his peace of mind and happiness that he should have a little cold gin.

"What will you take, gentlemen," he said; "I always find a little cold gin, lies very warm on the stomach in the morning; it's a good thing for the digestion too, and helps the appetite wonderfully if you put a little bitters in it. Gin and bitters," he continued, to the bar-keeper, "I'll put in the gin."

He about half filled a tumbler with raw gin, added a few drops of bitters and swallowed the mixture without troubling the water jug. Mr. Fowler needed the cool and refreshing services of a "John Collins" to restore him, and Mr. Farron wisely contented himself with a cigar. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Harway, after the drinks had been disposed of, "I leave it to you to see your friend Mr. Morton righted. I'm



"CHARLIE, I HAVE SOMETHING VERY SERIOUS TO SAY TO YOU."

blessed if I wouldn't like to stay and see the game out myself; but, there's folks coming here on this morning train that I don't want to see, and so I'll have to leave; but I trust to you to fix the doctor all right. I told him I'd be even with him for that kick, and I like to keep my word; and, if the affair gets into the papers, perhaps you wouldn't mind sending me one, gentlemen, I'd esteem it a favor, and as I'm a perfect gentleman I am always willing to accept a favor from another gentleman. You see," he continued, "I shouldn't have minded anything so much as a kick; if he had knocked me down with his fist, I shouldn't have cared so much about it; I've had that done before. Even if he had fired at me with a revolver I should not have minded so long as didn't hit me; but a gentleman naturally has his feelings hurt when he gets kicked like a dog, and, as I'm a perfect gentleman I couldn't stand it. So blow his game, gentlemen, and let me know of it, if you can."

After delivering this speech Mr. Harway gave an address to Fowler, and then bowed himself out, and started for the depot to leave the city before the detectives from Battleboro arrived.

Mr. Fowler retired to his boarding house and betook himself to bed where he endeavored to sleep off the effects of his last night's potations. It was afternoon before he felt sufficiently recovered to go out, and when he reached Mr. Morton's office he found that gentleman had gone for a drive around the mountain with some friends from the States; he was therefore,

compelled to postpone his intended disclosure until the evening when he was told Morton would be at home. He, however, utilized the afternoon by a trip to Longueuil where he discovered the house lately occupied by Mr. Griffith closed, and obtained particulars of her death from the neighbors.

Mr. Harway had carefully instilled into Mr. Fowler's mind his own theory that Mrs. Griffith was not dead at all, but, merely removed by the Doctor; he, therefore, paid but little attention to the account of the funeral, &c., which he heard from the people he questioned on the subject; and it was in a strong belief that Mamie was alive that he called out at Mr. Morton's in the evening.

Mr. Morton had only returned from his drive a few minutes when Mr. Fowler entered his room, and he was enjoying a quiet pipe and a glass of ale when Mr. Fowler made his presence known by a loud rap on the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Morton, and Mr. Fowler did as requested; he sat by the table where Mr. Morton was seated and said, in a confidential sort of way:

"Charlie, I have something very serious to say to you."

Charlie Morton smiled quietly, for he was accustomed to receive half-confidences from Mr. Fowler, who was always getting himself into some little scrape.

"What is it, Gus; anything I can manage for you?"

"No; it is something you must manage for

yourself. I got into difficulties last night, old fellow, and—well—you see, the fact is—I got into quod."

"Arrested?"

"Yes," it cost Mr. Fowler something to make this confession; for, Charlie Morton was one of the few men whose good opinion he valued; and he scarcely wanted to let him know where he had spent the night; still there was no way of explaining his story except by a full statement of the circumstances under which he had gained his information; so, Mr. Fowler "made a clean breast of it," and gave a full account of his meeting with Mr. Harway, and all that had been told him by that personage.

"I'll tell you what it is, Charlie," he said in conclusion, "it's my opinion that Harry Griffith is a rascal."—I am rather afraid that Mr. Fowler used an adjective before the word rascal, but I don't like to record it without being very sure—"he is playing some double game, which I do not quite understand; but confound him, I want to see his game spoiled."

Mr. Fowler struck the table with his clenched hand as if exemplifying the way he would like to see the doctor spoiled; but unfortunately he was rather too excited, and struck the table so hard that he hurt his knuckles, and put the back of his hand up to his mouth in the most inglorious and unheroic manner.

Charlie Morton did not say anything for some minutes; he was strongly and deeply excited, but he was thinking the matter over as quietly and calmly as he could.

"Gus," he said at last, "I think this man Harway has been trying to make a fool of you. Poor Mamie was drowned years ago, for if she had not been she would have written to me long before now. She knew I was in Montreal; and, it is not likely she would be in the same city with me and not try to find me. I have not a very high opinion of Harry Griffith's character; and, he might, very possibly, have tried to deceive me, but Mamie never would."

"But suppose she thought you were dead; suppose Griffith told her so?" said Mr. Fowler, half doubtfully. "He might have done it, you know."

Mr. Morton paused for sometime before replying; he was thinking over the strange intelligence he had heard, and, when he spoke it was in a hard unnatural voice, quite unlike his own.

"You may be right, Gus; perhaps you are; Mamie may be alive—oh, God grant that she is,—but I scarcely think she can be. I don't feel it, somehow; I don't feel as if Harry Griffith could have played so mean a part towards me. Why man," he continued, "I was his old school-mate; we were boys together—of course, I objected to his marrying Mamie, because I always thought he would turn out bad; but, such a devilish scheme as this I would be sorry to credit him with. And Annie too—" he stopped suddenly, and a hard cold look totally unlike his usual aspect seemed to come over his face.

"Gus," he said, after a while, "if Harry Griffith has done this thing to me; if he has stolen my sister; stolen my friendship; stolen my love; played me false every way, while I have played him true, I will hunt him down, I'll hound him to death—I could kill him now without one particle of remorse, and I'll do it, if your story proves true."

The man's whole nature seemed to have changed in the few seconds which had elapsed since Fowler told him the story he had heard from Mr. Harway. Morton had at first, listened quietly, and with a gentlemanly smile of disbelief on his lips. He had said nothing; and he had only regarded the tale as some idle fancy of Fowler's; or, a story which some designing person had told Fowler with the ultimate design of making money out of it; but as the possibility of the truth flashed on him, all the latent strength and force of his nature was called into life, and he rose to leave the room fully prepared to wring the truth from the doctor, if it cost the life of one or both in doing so.

"Hold on, old fellow; where are you off to?" said Mr. Fowler, endeavoring to detain his companion. "You didn't put your hat on, you know, and you might catch cold in the nose or some such thing, don't you see?"

"Gus, I must see Harry at once; I can tell in one second after I ask him 'where is Mamie,' whether the story you have heard is true or not. Come with me; perhaps, it may be as well for both he and I that there should

(Continued on page 144.)

THE CONFIDANTE.

BY ALICE FITZGERALD.

A letter, Lucy? for me to read?
Ah, tell-tale blushes, what secret now?
I am but teasing. There, never heed,
Nor blur with furrows that little brow.

Yes, as I thought? 'Tis the old, old tale:
He loves you; dreams of you night and day;
With hope he brightens, with dread turns pale.
Truths, dear sister, or babblings grey.

Love lives for ever, if heart-born—real;
But fades like the roses I've now just clipped,
When told by one who your peace would steal,
Then flit to some blossom as honey-lipped.

To you each word here is truth's own mint;
To me, once cheated, there's room for doubt;
You, sister, could give him your love sans
sint—

What? tears and trembling? a dawning
pout?

Well, darling, believe then, and cynic thought
Shall fade away in your love's sweet sun;
He is not worldly, nor fashion-taught;
I would not darken new light begun.

His words are manly; an honest ring
Sounds in each sentence. Ah! Lucy, live
Long in the love that can never wing,
Whilst I—well, yes—I have yet to give.

(For the Favorite.)

A VOICE FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY O. S. PHELPS.

To the Editor of THE FAVORITE:

SIR,—Your excellent and new Canadian paper, THE FAVORITE, with its very proper maxim—"Canada for the Canadians, whether by birth or adoption,"—"Let us help each other if we aspire to be a Nation," attracts the attention and wins the admiration of all Canadians the world over, especially of your humble servant, at this Oregonian outpost of American civilization, where hundreds of Canadians now dwell. God bless THE FAVORITE, and make it the great vehicle of mind and thought, ideas and sentiment, language and learning, for the millions, and a power that shall be felt not only in your own now ocean-bound Dominion, but all around the earth! Go on, sir, and may Heaven bless you in this, your new undertaking.

I, as an old Canadian, was very much pleased to-day as my eye caught the following paragraph, clipped from our *Daily Oregonian*: "Arrangements have been completed for the construction of the Canada Pacific Railroad, and a formal charter will be issued on the return of the Governor-General to Ottawa. A million dollars of the stock are ready to be subscribed. Stock books will be opened in each Province." I consider this a momentous move in the right direction, and one that will not only connect you "wise men of the east" with us web-foots and Columblaites of the west, but will bind us with iron bands, and cement, as with Parisian plaster, all the parts, viz., Atlanticites, Pacificites, Red Riverites and Rocky Mountainites together, and finally make your "Canadian Star" the brightest and the best amongst the fifty-six Colonial stars of Her Majesty's royal diadem; a land for the landless, an asylum for all British sons of sorrow and daughters of distress; yes, and a perfect paradise, too, for one and for all, eagerly sought after, quickly hastened unto, and permanently settled upon, by emigrant and adventurer, by capitalist and speculator, by artificer and artisan, by mind and muscle!

British Columbia, your Pacific province, as you are aware, now extends from the 49° parallel to the 55° north latitude. Its length is 420 miles, in a straight line, and its breadth varies from 250 to 400 miles. Its greatest length, taken from corner to corner, is 805 miles; its area is computed to be 200,000 square miles. Discovered first by that illustrious navigator, Sir Francis Drake, in the summer of 1579, and by him designated "New Albion;" afterwards by Capt. Vancouver, of the Royal Navy, in 1792, who named the principal of these archipelagos after himself, of which Victoria is the capital. From 1670 down to 1858, British Columbia was under the dominion of the Hudson's Bay Company, who annually gathered up all the fine furs of the fox, the bear, the sea-otter, the fisher, the marten, the beaver, the musk-rat, the lynx, &c., &c., and shipped them to England in large quantities; when the discovery of gold on the bonches and bars of the Fraser River (like your great St. Lawrence) in the spring of 1858, hastened hither hundreds of humanity from all lands, which gave it, at the time, about as much notoriety abroad as California, for it was no gross imposition, as the old South Sea bubble, or the Mississippi scheme, or our Colorado diamond swindle, or any other of the latter-day celebrated hoaxes, too numerous to mention! Of the great "rush and gush" of July, 1858, thither, the *Times* correspondent of San Francisco says: "None are too poor and none too rich to go; none too young and none too old to go, even the decrepit go. Many go with money, many go without; some to invest in real estate; some to see what may turn up; some out of curiosity; some to steal; and some, unquestionably, to die!" Millions of gold were exhumed then and there, which now lie in your safes, shine in your shop windows, and fill the plithoric exchequers of the old world, and

enough more is left in the bowels of Mother Earth there to wipe out Britain's national debt and pay off your Dominion one; yes, and build your great Pacific Railroad besides. But, like all excitements, that died away, as well as drove away the crowd, so that now Columbia contains not over a tenth of the British white population of your beautiful Montreal. She now needs the fostering hand and public care of your Ottawa Government to set her up a-going and in good running order. Well might your Government and officials, particularly my old friend Sir John A. Macdonald, take a live lesson from a live Yankee Premier, and hurry up and help on the building of your great railroad across the continent, as well as the enlargement of the Welland Canal and the many other highways, waterways, gateways and public improvements of the day, and to give Canada an "Excelsior" place and position amongst the commonwealths of earth, to which she is justly entitled.

Emigration, too, should by him not be overlooked, but encouraged; for out of some half a million from Europe to these States this year, I see only a few thousands have settled down in Canada, out of which, too, some 40,000 have come here to dwell. These things ought not so to be, and would not, if your officials would only wake up.

Canada to-day wants ten millions of people to occupy and to possess her broad acres and her wide domain. Yes, and these ten millions of souls are now famishing for food and freezing for fires in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Douglas and other large cities of Britain, who only wait and want a live statesman with a plithoric purse to take them by the hand and say to them, "All aboard for Canada," Central and Western. Britain has the bodies and brains, while Canada has the land and the soil.

Let some one then be found, whether statesman or salesman, nobleman or ignobleman, patrician or plebeian, who will set this emigration ball a-rolling, and you will see its most happy effects, as well as its mighty results. Had I the command of a few of Her Majesty's many ships, and but a tithe of Her Majesty's purse, I would at once order a score each to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin and other maritime towns of the realm, and then publish by proclamation to one and to all, a free passage, a 160 acre homestead, a year's provisions, a good outfit, with a certainty, by God's blessing on their labors, of sure success and a good living, if not riches.

Is there no good Samaritan in all the Imperial realm? Can there not be found one wealthy benefactor in either Britain or Canada who will ere long be induced to transplant those now fruitless thousands of Europe to these fruitful shores, where they may and will speedily become producers of bread, instead of idle consumers of wheat?

Much land remains in Canada yet to be possessed. "All aboard," then, for this western world, where work and wages, labor and land, gold and grain, cash and cattle await all industry, with its independence. Again I say, "Tendimus in Canada."

Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.,
February 3, 1873.

(For the Favorite.)

"BUGGINS' MARE."

BY EMMA NAOMI CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Buggins was extremely proud of her, and she undoubtedly was, as his friend and confident, Spunge, had remarked when advising her purchase, "a nice little beast." She was a bright sorrel in color, a fast trotter by nature, and by name "Two-Forty." As I have said, Buggins was very proud of her. She had won races for him, to celebrate which triumphs champagne suppers to her owner's entire acquaintance seemed some way indispensable, and sometimes lost them. She had ruined two of her three former owners,—the first a young farmer, with, perhaps, more spirit than discretion, her third birthday being celebrated by the execution of a mortgage on his property, and who speedily went to destruction in a racing cutter; the second, a widow lady of business habits, who bought her as a speculation, and sold her at a handsome profit to the third, a sporting barber, who never was known to pay any attention to business after her purchase, until one morning when, the sheriff having paid a not quite unexpected visit the day before, he was found with one of his long-idle razors in his hand, and a corresponding gash in his throat.

Naturally, after that pleasing occurrence, "Two-Forty" went up in sporting circles with a bound. The animal which could ruin two men in three years was a prize to be eagerly sought for by all young fellows of spirit. Every one went to see her. Chubb (the richest man in Cackleford, a lawyer, and a judge of horse-flesh) said he would give the safest mortgage in his possession for her, she had a largely-attended reception every morning, the small boys betted largely as to her probable purchaser, the local poet wrote some stanzas in her honor, and finally, at her sale by auction, and after a brisk competition, Buggins became her owner, and should have been a happy man.

But he wasn't. True, he had, figuratively speaking, snatched her from the very claws of Chubb, whom he hated; for did not Mr. Archer, Kitty's father,

approve highly of Chubb as a suitor for that bewitching damsel, and as highly disapprove of him, Buggins, in the same position? True, his friends had spoken of him—particularly Spunge, who soon after borrowed ten dollars from him—as a "sharp fellow" and a "knowing rascal." But he was not happy.

He bought a racing cutter, which was usually on loan, also a large sleigh, which was ditto. He occasionally was allowed by "Jim," the gentleman who cared for the precious animal, to take a seat in the vehicle under which she took exercise, and enjoyed himself immensely, or thought he did, which was very much the same thing. He paid her a daily visit, under the protection of "Jim," also, and, watched by him with a derisive smile, stroked her arched neck, and retreated swiftly towards the door, sometimes leaving a portion of his coat-collar between her strong white teeth, invariably followed by her dainty heels in close proximity to his head.

Buggins had but two cares, the mare and Mr. Chubb, and which was the heavier and more carking it would have been difficult to decide. He was engaged (privately) to Kitty Archer, and Chubb wished to be (publicly). He was only well off, Chubb was rich. Mr. Archer spoke of Chubb as a "fellow who had some go in him," and of himself, Buggins, as "that sap-headed young fool, Buggins."

Everything taken into consideration, this was a trying state of affairs. He spent hours daily in pondering over these unfortunate circumstances. He was really fond of Kitty, and Kitty said she was fond of him. Chubb paid Kitty every attention, escorted her everywhere, worshipped publicly and privately at her shrine, made her presents which, by reason of their richness, were seriously detrimental to the peace of mind of her dearest friends, and made himself agreeable to her father, who was about his own age, while Buggins could do little but gaze admiringly at her, write her frantic notes (which were, as a rule, intercepted by her father), and make himself gloomily conspicuous wherever they met. How he had found courage at any time to propose to her he could not tell, nor had he the least idea of how and when their rather unsatisfactory engagement might end.

At last a crisis arrived.

On New Year's Eve he sat alone in his apartment at Mrs. Smiler's residence, which combined a perfectly Spartan simplicity of arrangement with "the comforts of a real English home" (see advertisement). He was reading a letter, written on the regulation pink paper, and directed to "Charlemagne Buggins, Esq." His round blue eyes dilated with horror and astonishment as he read:

"DEAR CHARLIE,

"I'm just distracted. Only think! that horrid Chubb has proposed to me, and pa, the spiteful old tyrant, has accepted him! We are to be married in three weeks, and I'm sure I don't know what to do. I'm going to the picnic ball at Southbridge to-night, and as Chubb's away on business, pa gave me leave to go with the Harris girls. I'll be waiting at the corner next the old church at half-past seven, and you may bring a cutter there and drive me to Southbridge. I want to talk things over with you.

"P.S.—I'll never marry Chubb."

Buggins fell into profound thought, a very unusual circumstance with him, and for some time sat gazing absently into the fire. At length he rose, burned the note, and, putting on his overcoat, and slouching his cap guiltily over his eyes, departed from the roof of Smiler, and betook himself "down town."

"You must be awfully clever, Charlie," said Miss Archer admiringly, "and I'm sure no one would think so to look at you."

This candid speech was made as they flew, Buggins and she, along the quiet country road leading to Southbridge. They were seated in his racing cutter, and were drawn by "Two-Forty."

"I had some trouble in getting the mare," said Buggins, glancing retrospectively at that animal, who was scudding along with a too-evident forgetfulness of the cutter and its occupants. "Jim wouldn't let me have her, so I had to give him a dollar and send him down town, and, as soon as he was gone, I got a boy who was hanging round to help me, and between us we got her harnessed, and here we are."

"Two-Forty" was in high spirits, so lively, in fact, that at an early stage of their drive Buggins had seen the advisability of "giving her her head," and now, with the reins hanging in graceful festoons over the dash-board, they careered along, Buggins grasping the side of the cutter with one hand and Kitty with the other.

Buggins was cheerful, exultant, with a proud consciousness of having outwitted the tyrant Archer. He had Kitty by his side, a marriage license in his pocket, and while Mr. Archer read the evening paper, and thought of the absent Chubb, they were speeding towards the residence of his friend, the Rev. Thomas Jolly, at Southbridge, as fast as "Two-Forty" could take them.

They didn't talk much, the pace was too rapid for that, but Charlie looked at Kitty in silent delight, and Kitty looked at Charlie, and drew comparisons between him and Chubb not to Chubb's advantage.

About a mile further on, the steeple of the

church over which the Rev. Thomas ruled as pastor glittered in the moonlight, and Kitty said tremulously:

"Pa and Chubb will storm fearfully, but I'm not a bit frightened, for they can't unmarry us, can they, Charlie, though I'm not of age?"

"Of course not!" said Charlie, "but—"

Further remark was impossible. Round a curve in the road dashed a cutter drawn by a white horse, and driven by a fur-coated gentleman. "Two-Forty's" nerves were delicate, and the sudden appearance of this equipage rather disturbed her. She likewise was fond of a race. She took in the situation at a glance. There was a rival trotter to beat, a clear road to do it in, and a gentleman incapable of offering a successful resistance to her plans holding the reins. She paused, she snorted, she turned, and, with ears laid back, retraced her steps hastily. No low-bred white horse should pass "Two-Forty."

Buggins tightened the reins, Miss Archer screamed, "Two-Forty" started at a maddening pace back to Cackleford. Buggins shouted, Miss Archer wept, faster and faster went "Two-Forty," pursued by the white horse.

On they went for about a mile. Every moment brought them nearer danger and Cackleford, every moment brought them farther from the Rev. Thomas Jolly and happiness! Again "Two-Forty" saw something ahead, again she paused, only to start off with a bound, as she heard the bells jingling behind her.

Buggins leant forward, trying to catch a glimpse of the approaching sleigh. It was a large double one, coming furiously on, and at the same moment he saw with horror that the road just ahead narrowed considerably, and that an immense drift on one side and a fence on the other made it almost an impossibility that they could pass. If he could only turn the mare, they might pass the pursuing cutter!

He shouted frantically at "Two-Forty," and tugged at the reins. "Two-Forty" replied with her heels, injuring the dash-board beyond repair in so doing. The fur-coated gentleman, now about ten yards behind, shouted, "Hi! take care there!" in a voice familiar to Buggins.

It was too late. There was a crash, a snort from "Two-Forty," a shout from the occupant of the sleigh, a piercing scream from Kitty, and Buggins rose bodily in the air. He came down, however, with even more haste, and, unobtrusively entering the drift, was enabled to observe from its cool recesses the effect of the unexpected meeting upon the rest.

On the road lay a confused mass of struggling horses, broken sleighs and gentlemen, and by the fence lay a smaller mass, very quiet, supposed by Buggins to be Kitty. The white horse was standing quietly by, while its master in a frenzied manner was rushing to and fro; and far away, on the road to Cackleford, "Two-Forty" was careering along, apparently in the best health and spirits.

"Is that Chubb?" shouted a voice from under the cutter. "Come and help me out, can't you?"

"Why it's Archer!" cried he of the fur-coat, and dashed madly into the struggling heap, returning triumphantly, after a sharp tussle with the cutter, with Mr. Archer, very angry, very much shaken, and quite breathless.

"Are you hurt, sir?" enquired the false-hearted Chubb anxiously, helping the horses to their feet, and very much excited.

"No!" said Mr. Archer. "Is that the fool who ran into us by the fence there?"

Chubb strolled leisurely towards the fence, and stooped to examine the heap.

"It's a woman!" he exclaimed, and then, as he raised the heap in his arms, "Good heavens! it's Kitty!"

"Kitty!" cried Mr. Archer. "Why she ran off with Buggins to be married, and I'm after them to stop it. It can't be Kitty!"

But it was! She had fainted, and after ten minutes spent in rubbing her hands in snow, she opened her eyes, to find herself in her father's sleigh, that gentleman ejaculating softly though profanely over Buggins, and Chubb turning the horses toward Cackleford.

Buggins trembled. Kitty was lost to him forever, and he would be left to extricate himself from the drift. Should he speak? Should he take help from the hand of Chubb?

"Oh, pa!" exclaimed Kitty, as Mr. Archer tucked the robes carefully round her shivering little shoulders, "where's Charlie?"

"I'm here!" cried Buggins feebly from the drift.

"Oh, you are, are you?" cried Archer delightedly; "well, stay there, you sneaking young villain!"

"I can't get out!" shouted Buggins, as Chubb, with a cheerful smile, cracked his whip encouragingly to the white horse, which immediately started.

"Don't leave him there, pa!" cried Kitty tearfully.

"Don't be a fool, Kitty!" responded the old gentleman, and then to Buggins, as the horses broke into a swift trot:

"Next time you want to run off with a girl, don't confide in her father's stable-boy, even if he does help to harness your horse! Good-night!"

And Buggins was left alone with his despair, the sleigh-bells jingling merrily in the distance, and the moon shining derisively down upon him.

He never saw Kitty Archer again, but Mr. and Mrs. Chubb return from Europe next week, and life holds nothing for Buggins now.

And "Two-Forty" is again for sale—cheap!

HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Darling girls, with glad, pure music
Ringing yet in each young heart,
Store and love most household treasure,
Precious through life's future part,
When you'll too, as sacred mothers,
Bravely boyed and gently girl'd,
Feel the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Of that treasure what possessors,
Sainted and immortal, rise!
Mid them Washington's own mother,
Love and duty in her eyes:
Well in youth she learned her mission:
Continents now, with flags unfurled,
Shout "The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world."

O, that such true preparation
For all infancy was wrought!
Oh, how sooner would Truth, Justice,
By the Manger's Star be brought!
Yet they are on Earth advancing;
Further from it Wrong is hurled,
While the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Lower Wrong of every feature
Trembles down and towers Right;
More and more, with arm supernal,
Proving Love's eternal might;
For maternal preparation
Grows spite of all false creeds hurled,
While the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Darling girls, with household knowledge
Other should be won and nursed,
But the very lips of Heaven
Ceaseless whisper, "Home's is first."
"Homes!" you answer? so you will when,
Bravely boyed and gently girl'd,
Feeling hands that rock the cradle
Are the hands that rock the world.

PATTERSON'S GHOST.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Never allow any one to promise to appear to you when he dies," said Tillbury junior to young Gilbert.

"Why not?" asked Gilbert. "He couldn't, you know."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Tillbury. "Did I ever tell you about Patterson?"

"No," said Gilbert.

"Well, thinking of that made me speak," said Tillbury. "Patterson and I were great friends—boarded with the same party—widow lady named Baxter. Lend one another money."

"Introduce each other to pretty girls, and all that, you know. Regular chums. We were a little romantic in those days, and he was more so than I. And he was one of those fellows that investigated everything, and had been to one or two séances, and had seen his grandfather's name written in blood-red letters written on somebody's arm, and had come to be quite a sort of amateur Spiritualist."

"When he was at the height of it he coaxed me to promise him that if I died first I'd appear to him, as a ghost, you know, and if he died he vowed he'd come to me at once. We took the vow, and Patterson always alluded to it when we had our smoke together the last thing before going to bed. He had a presentiment that he would die a sudden death by accident. And at first I used to think that there might be something in it; but after a while, nothing happening, I used to joke him about that chronic presentiment of his. Presentiments, I hold, are mostly the effects of dyspepsia."

"So the time went on. We were just as good friends as ever, and the first one I looked for at night was Patterson. He was always punctual; and so one night, when I went home to dinner and didn't find him, I felt surprised. When he did not come in through the evening, I was more astonished still, for we had a sort of engagement; but a man may be detained, of course, without any accident happening to him, and I retired, expecting him to turn up all right in the morning."

"But his chair was empty at the breakfast table, and Mrs. Baxter, with a very long face, asked me if I had heard Mr. Patterson speak of going anywhere suddenly. 'For,' said she, 'I know he went to his bedroom as usual day before yesterday night, and he was not in the house in the morning.'

"Sure enough, I remembered. I had left early that day, and had not seen him."

"I told the old lady that I knew nothing about it, and that day went down to Patterson's place of business. They hadn't seen him either. Thought he was ill. He wasn't the kind of man to run away with funds, or anything of that sort, and I began to feel afraid that the presentiment had come true at last. If he were not at home that night, I decided to give information to the authorities, and have him looked for next morning."

"I went to my bedroom early, but I could not sleep. I was very fond of Patterson, and very anxious. Then, too, that vow which we had taken did not present itself in an agreeable light under the circumstances."

"I flung myself upon my bed, but I left the light burning as a sort of protection. Then I began to look over the daily paper. There were accidents enough, but I could not adapt one of

them to my friend's case. He could not be an old man of eighty, run over by a Fourth Avenue car. He could not be an old apple-woman who had tumbled down a flight of warehouse stairs. Nor a lovely female with abundant hair, and a diamond ring on her finger, forwarded by the Express Company as 'glass.' But, alas! how should I find him, and where? Poor Patterson! Ah, how often had he said:

"Jack, I sha'n't die in my bed, I know."

"And if he should keep his promise, I felt quite sure that I should faint away like a girl. I felt comfort in folding the counterpane over my head, and I was getting a little drowsy, and a little more comfortable, when—crash, smash, clink—down from the wall tumbled Patterson's imperial photograph framed in *passee partout*, which he had presented to me only a week before. That finished me. I shivered as if I had the ague. I had no doubt whatever of Patterson's awful fall. Would he also come in person? All in a cold perspiration, I stared into the corners of the room, but I saw nothing; and after a while I fell asleep, to dream that I went to the Morgue and found Patterson there; that I saw him the victim of a steamboat explosion; that I was fishing, and something dragged at my hook, and—ah, good heavens!—it was Patterson. Then I was in a dark street, and straight before me two fellows crept after a man. Somehow I knew it was Patterson. The men were black, and Patterson was all in black. I tried to rush to his rescue, but could not stir. I tried to scream, but could utter no word. Then, with an awful nightmare moan, I awoke."

"The light still burnt. I was as wide awake as you are at this moment, and I saw the door at the foot of the bed begin to move slowly. It opened wider and wider, and at last a figure glided in. It was dressed in a garment of no human fashion—a yellow-white drapery that covered the whole figure—but it had Patterson's face, mustache and hair. It did not look at me, but it came nearer and nearer, and passed quite around my bed out of sight. Its ghostly step, its horrible appearance, shook my very soul, but I did not faint, as I had expected. Patterson, my dear old friend, had returned from the world of death to the world of life, to tell me what his fate had been."

"I summoned all my courage."

"My dear old fellow," said I faintly, "tell me what I can do for you."

"And the ghost answered testily:

"Where the deuce do you keep your matches?"

"Confound it, Patterson. Is that you?" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"What is that rig for?" said I.

"Oh," said he, "I was in dishabillé, and lest I should meet some one, I put on a blanket."

"Where have you been?" said I.

"Oh, I heard the bell ring in the night," said he, "and stuck my head out of the window. It was a telegram from home for me. Grandfather was taken ill. So I had only time to pack some linen and start by the early train. Thought I wouldn't wake anyone. He's better, and here I am. Ah, here are the matches!"

"And so the only ghost I ever saw, or ever expect to see, departed."

"Oh!" said Tillbury. "Passe partout always come to grief at some stage of their existence. That was merely an ordinary accident, and perhaps the heat of the chimney."

A NEW HOME-LIGHT.

A LIFE-SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Della Lenox considered herself the most unhappy woman in existence. It was near the middle of the forenoon, and she sat in her chamber with red, swollen eyes, wishing that she was back in her old home. She had been married not quite three years, and where she had promised herself a rich harvest of fragrant flowers, she had found—so she told herself—only a bed of thorns and thistles. She had married Charles Lenox because she loved him, and because he had loved her. He had certainly loved her once, or he could not have been so kind and devoted. She had married him, and gone to housekeeping, feeling sure that she was entering upon an earthly heaven. For a time she had found as much joy as she could desire; but the light had faded, and the joy had gone.

On this particular morning Charles Lenox had come for his breakfast, and found no breakfast ready. Bridget, the hired girl, was not capable of getting breakfast alone. She had tried it several times, and had sent to the table such abominably prepared dishes that Charles had declared he would take his meals at the hotel before he would submit to such culinary imposition.

And breakfast was not ready on this morning because Della was not up to superintend it. Charles Lenox was clerk in a West India goods and provision store, in a thriving country village, receiving a fair salary, and accounted a valuable man in the business—so valuable that the owner was ready and anxious to give him a partnership when he could raise the money to pay for it. He desired to be prompt at his post, and to this end it was necessary that he should have his meals not only in season, but regularly.

The husband had waited almost half an hour when his wife finally made her appearance in

the kitchen. Of course he had become impatient and fretful, and as soon as he had opportunity to speak without Bridget's hearing, he told his belated helpmeet that some way must be found for the turning over of a new leaf.

"I cannot stand it," he said. "I am willing to bear much, but when it comes to an unnecessary and injurious interference with my business, it is time that I spoke."

Della's face flushed, and her eyes flashed. She considered herself a much abused woman. If Bridget could not get breakfast, her husband had better secure a servant who could.

"But," said Charles, with firm dignity—he had never yet spoken harshly to his wife, and he had resolved that he never would if he could help it—"we do not hire a servant to take charge of our household. That duty is yours. The servant is your assistant, and it should be yours to give her guidance."

"You are very free in laying down my duty for me," retorted Della. "And pray, what may your duty be?"

"It should be my duty to provide for my home. It should be my duty to enlarge my opportunities for business; and," he added, with feeling, "I might do this if I could have your hearty co-operation."

"Whose house is this that covers our heads?" demanded the wife, vehemently.

"It is yours, Della."

"No—it is ours; but I provided it, and I furnished it. Mercy! how many wives do that much for their husbands, I'd like to know!"

"Aye," said the husband, with pain and bitterness in his tone, "I know that your father gave to you this house, and that he furnished it for you; and," he went on, his tone softening, and his eyes growing moist, "you might make it the happiest and the brightest home in the world if you would. Surely, Della, there is love enough between us."

He dared venture no more, and with this he arose from the table, and left the house—left his wife to weep and repine as we have found her.

Della still sat in her chamber, red-eyed and sad, when she heard the ring of the door-bell, and she had just time to bathe and wipe her face when Bridget came up with information that a gentleman was in the parlor who would see Mrs. Lenox.

Della went down, and met her father—her dear, good, kind father, whom she had not seen for almost two years, as he had been away in a distant part of the country. She flew to his arms, and wept tears of joy upon his bosom.

No matter about what was said during the first hour of the reunion. Mr. Morton—such had been Della's maiden name—was a man of keen penetration, and quick to comprehend, and he had discovered from the first that all was not right in the house of his daughter. At length he approached the subject, and the very tenderness of his manner touched his child to the heart, and caused her to burst into tears.

And then, taking her to his arms, he gained from her the story of her sufferings. He heard the story as she told it, and he interpreted it by the touchstone of his own interpenetration. He knew his daughter well; and he believed that he knew her husband; and in the end, after much questioning, he arrived at the truth.

"Certainly," he said, holding his child upon his knee, "this cottage, and its furniture, were yours; but a cottage, even though it be filled with furniture, and filled with love, cannot be self-supporting. Love gives warmth, but there must be true devotion behind it before it gives light and life. Now tell me, my child, what have you done during the last year towards supporting this house?"

"What have I done?—I have done everything."

"But what?"

And when Della tried to particularize she could name nothing. It was glaringly apparent that she had not done so much as would have supported herself alone.

And then the good man talked long and earnestly with his daughter, urging her to give her whole energy to the work of house-keeping.

"It will not only be for the good of your husband," he said, in conclusion, "but it will be for your own good, and for your own bodily health. I know what Charles' ambition is. He wishes to become a partner in the store, and to that end he must have money. Even though I were able and willing to advance that money, it would not be so well for him, nor for you, as it would be for you to earn and save it for yourselves. Do you know, my child, how well Charles loves you?"

She thought she knew.

"And," pursued her father, "I am sure you love him."

She said she loved him with all her heart.

"Then," continued Mr. Morton, "let it be yours to make bright and happy the home; and I will tell you how it is to be done. You are young, and the duties of life are before you. The day is for work; when the evening comes, if you have been true and faithful, you may rest."

And he then, kindly and seriously, in paternal love and earnestness, gave her his counsel and advice, and she promised him, before she left his knee—promised, with her arms around his neck, and her kiss upon his cheek—that she would try and do as he had bidden her.

and fashion had broken up the true wifely character.

It was on Saturday that her father called. He stopped to dinner, but could remain no longer, though he promised that in a few weeks he would come and spend a happy time with them.

"And, my darling," he said, as he kissed his child at parting, "the happiness of that time will be just as bright as you have a mind to make it."

Della had grown strong and firm in the cherishing of her new-made resolution, and she answered, as she returned her father's kiss,—

"I will make it as bright as I can. Do not fear to trust me."

The next day was Sunday, and the breakfast hour was not fixed; yet the meal was prepared earlier than usual. Della had arisen and prepared it herself, and she wondered, when it was time to call her husband, how the exercise of the morning had invigorated her. Her appetite was keen, and she felt a healthful, happy glow through her whole frame.

"Where is Bridget?" asked Charles, as his wife arose from the table to bring the coffee-pot from the range in the kitchen.

"I have left her go," answered Della, quietly, "and have engaged a new servant. I thought it best to make a change."

"When is she coming?"

"She will be here this evening, ready to go at work to-morrow morning."

Charles did not wholly approve of this dismissal of the old servant; but, remembering the occasion of the last discussion of the servant question, he held his peace, and said no more.

At the tea-table, after a day of calm and peaceful rest, the remark dropped inadvertently from Charles' lips:

"How pleasant it does seem to have our home to ourselves, even for a brief space, doesn't it, darling?"

"In other words," said Della, with a smile, "what a splendid servant your wife could make, if she would."

"No, no," cried Charles, in alarm. "I didn't mean that. I only meant that there are some conveniences of life which must be classed as necessary evils."

And so the matter was dropped, and the rest of the day and the evening passed pleasantly and happily.

Monday morning came, and Della was up with the lark, leaving her husband and her child asleep. It was wonderful how her cheek glowed, and how freshly her spirits arose, with this new exercise. By the time Charles was up and dressed breakfast was ready and upon the table. And such a breakfast? She had been a grand cook in the earlier years, for both her mother and her father had regarded the duties of the household as among the first of female accomplishments. The first piece of valuable jewelry she had ever worn had been presented by her father upon the occasion of her furnishing him with a perfect loaf of bread of her own making and baking. So Della was a good cook now, for she had not forgotten.

They sat down to the breakfast table in a new atmosphere. A new light had broken in upon the home, though Charles knew not yet whence it had come; but he felt it, and his heart warmed beneath its genial influence. And how fresh and beautiful Della looked. What a color was in her cheeks, and what a brightness in her blue eyes. And then the food!

"I declare, Della," he said, with a glowing countenance, "this puts me in mind of your own grand cooking. Did your new girl make this coffee, and these muffins?"

"Yes," answered Della, quietly.

"And do you think you can keep her? Will she stay with us?"

"Yes,—I think she will stay."

"Where is she?"

"You shall see her after breakfast."

And after breakfast, when Charles spoke again of the new girl, Della smoothed down her apron, and shook back her curls, and put up her lips for a kiss.

"You may kiss the cook," she said, as she did so.

"Della!—You!"

"Not a word more, Charles. It is all true, as your surprise tells me you suspect. We will talk about it at another time. Go to your work now with the assurance that henceforth, while health is mine, I will be a partner in the household cares as well as in the household joys and comforts."

Happy was Charles Lenox in that hour,—happy as he took his wife to his arms and kissed her—happy as he attended to business through the day,—happier still when he returned to his home at eventide—happy and more happy as the days passed on—and proud and hopeful as he saw the prize of a partnership in his employer's business surely approaching.

At the promised time Mr. Morton came again, and his visit was extended through the week.

A very few hours beneath the roof was sufficient to convince him that the reform had worked well. He saw Charles depart in the morning to his labors of the day, and after the husband had gone the father turned to his child, and she came and rested upon his bosom.

"Della," he said, "you are happy now—both you and Charles?"

"Yes," she answered, looking up with a radiant moisture in her azure eyes, "we are very happy."

"You have found the new light for your home."

"Yes,—thanks to your good counsel and assistance, my father, I have found the new light."

"And you will keep it?"

"Yes,—I will keep it always."

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY MAX.

The Earth was wet with floods of tears.
As if her life was sad;
Not one wild bird's sweet notes she heard
To make her spirit glad.
Lo, summer o'er the shining seas
In splendor came to reign;
With many songs and perfumed flowers,
Her smiles were seen again.

My heart was faint with floods of tears
Because her life was sad,
Most desolate and vain it seemed
With none to make it glad.
So love, all beautiful, came to me,
My heart leapt up from pain,
And looking into wine-bright eyes,
I smiled for joy again.

For the Favorite.

WINONA; OR, THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve," "Wrecked,"
ed., or, the Rosieras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII. MR. MACER'S ACCIDENT.

Valerie Lennox, a radiant figure in rich furs and cashmere and velvet of a royal purple, walked into the drawing-room of Captain Frazer's residence, and found Dolly sitting in solitary state, with her dainty feet on the fender, and a long strip of tatting slipping very slowly through her rosy-tipped fingers.

"Miss Dolly, asthore," said Mr. Murphy, who, in his character of general factotum to the establishment, had gone with the sleigh to the station to meet Mrs. Lennox, and now ushered her into the apartment, "would ye be after tellin' the mistress that the lady is here? I've got to put up them rattlin' bastes of ponies that turned me out into two snow-drifts like a Murphy out ov a skib, the rascallions. They had the manners to behave like dacent Christians comin' home, out ov respect to the lady, but it's me hear's broke wid 'em entirely."

"Miss Dolly Frazer?" said Valerie with one of her sweetly radiant smiles. She had heard of the lovely creature, and though she had never seen her, she guessed her identity immediately.

Dolly was always self-possessed, and the air, quite natural, by the way, with which she rose and welcomed Mrs. Lennox was perfect. The latter was an able critic of men and manners, and only she pronounced the girl's bearing perfection. To do Dolly justice, had she been born a dairy-maid, her style would have varied very little. She would have milked the kine and scoured the churns with the combined air of an empress and a saint. As our lively Gallic friends say, her manner was *tout naturel*.

She rang the bell, and directed the trim parlor-maid who answered its call to let her mother know of the arrival of the self-invited guest whose telegram had excited no little wonder and speculation in the family circle. She placed a lounging chair beside the fire, into which Valerie sank with a smile. She looked at Dolly, and her brilliant eyes sparkled.

"My dear Miss Frazer," she said, as Dolly seated herself again, and raised her magnificent violet eyes with a little curiosity to the superb form and face opposite, the ivory skin tinged with rose from the bracing air, the gracious kindness and soul-lit expression of every feature, the high-bred, easy grace of the tall form, all making a very striking and pleasing picture. "My dear Miss Frazer, my presence must be utterly unaccountable to you all, and now that I am here, I really am almost at a loss how to introduce my errand."

If she expected Dolly to aid her in the least she found herself mistaken, for Dolly only smiled sweetly, clasped her white fingers on her lap, and said:

"Are you Mrs. Lennox?"

Fortunately the door opened and Mrs. Frazer came in, with a look of expectant curiosity, and followed by Olla, on whom the speaking eyes of Mrs. Lennox rested eagerly and anxiously.

Olla was much changed since she had seen her at the close of the previous winter in Montreal. She looked fragile in the extreme, and there was a pensive and mournful expression in the lovely brown eyes that struck her at once.

She rose and drew the girl to her side with a quiet grace, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Present me to your mamma," she said, and Olla, trembling she knew not why, did so.

The telegram, coming as it did from one who, though Theodore Denville's cousin, was nearly a stranger to her, and altogether so to the rest of the family, had filled her with forebodings that at one time almost assumed the rosy complexion of something nearly akin to hope, while again she was involved in presentiments of misery to result from the visit of Valerie Len-

nox. She did not for a second doubt that Denville or herself was in some way connected with the business that brought Valerie the long journey from Montreal in such severe weather, and as Mrs. Lennox turned to her mother, with outstretched hand and attentive eyes that read Mrs. Frazer's face with serious scrutiny, Olla leant her hand on the back of Dolly's chair to support herself, for she trembled exceedingly.

The atmosphere of the room suddenly felt stifling to her, and, going to the door, she set it open, and then came back, and resuming her former attitude, watched Mrs. Lennox anxiously, while her heart beat loud and fast, and a mist swam before her eyes.

"I have ascertained," said Mrs. Lennox, looking at her watch, "that I can catch a return train in two hours from this time, so, Mrs. Frazer, I have exactly that period in which to learn whether three persons are to be made intensely miserable or extremely happy. Am I at liberty to speak?"

"Not until you have rested and refreshed yourself," said Mrs. Frazer decidedly, "and as for leaving us to-night—"

"My dear madame," said Mrs. Lennox, "I am in the position, almost, of a fugitive. No one is aware of my absence from home but my aunt and one of the servants. It is urgently necessary that I return to Montreal to-night. A member of our little family is threatened with severe illness," she added, turning suddenly towards Olla, and fixing her grave eyes on the girl's face. They lightened triumphantly as the pretty face blanched suddenly, and as Mrs. Frazer looked on in astonishment, Valerie swept across to Olla and took her hand. She led her to a little couch opposite Dolly's throne, and seated herself, drawing Olla down beside her.

She had a view of the pretty hall as she sat thus, but her gaze was fixed on the downcast face at her side. She had thrown aside her velvet cloak, and her furs lay on the arm of the couch. She was evidently in haste.

It was perfectly true that before her departure from Montreal Denville had developed slight symptoms of fever, but Valerie was not to be much blamed if she slightly exaggerated matters, in hopes of reading Olla's sentiments more clearly in the light of the announcement.

"May I ask your meaning, Mrs. Lennox?" said Mrs. Frazer gently; "as you may perceive, I am quite mystified."

Mrs. Lennox hesitated. She felt the delicacy of her position—a perfect stranger, coming to thrust herself on the confidence of this family; but too much was at stake to risk anything through an overstrained sentiment, and with a sweetly deprecating glance at Mrs. Frazer she said:

"I have come all this way in order to ask a simple question, which I am perfectly aware I have no right to ask. Before I transgress, may I feel certain of your indulgent consideration?"

Mrs. Frazer bowed a little distantly. She was one of the proudest, as well as one of the humblest of women, and Mrs. Lennox's tone somewhat alarmed that pride which most women feel in keeping the real home history of the family, whether it be pleasant or sad, sacred from the touch and gaze of strangers.

Mrs. Lennox paused, secretly a little fearful and uncertain how to put the question she had come so far to ask.

The trouble in her handsome face appealed to Mrs. Frazer strongly, and she said kindly:

"I am altogether at your service, Mrs. Lennox, if I can in any way assist you in your present difficulty. I knew and esteemed your aunt as a girl, and, for the sake of my girlhood's friend, I would do her niece any good office that lay in my power."

"Then give me permission to speak freely in your presence to your daughter, and conjure her to answer me frankly," said Mrs. Lennox eagerly.

Olla attempted to rise. She dumbly felt that something was coming which, whether of good or evil to her, a blind impulse urged her to fly for the present, but Mrs. Lennox pressed her firm arm round her and detained her.

"Excuse me, Olla," said Dolly, looking up from her work, "but will you tell me how many stitches make the large circle?"

She was quite unaware of the disturbance in the moral atmosphere surrounding her, for she was quite incapable of following out two trains of ideas, and absorbed in her work, had lost the thread of the conversation.

"Twenty-four, dear," said Olla mechanically. "Thank you," said Dolly graciously; "but really, Olla, you don't look well. Is there anything the matter with you, dear?"

"I am quite well," replied Olla hastily; "but I think the day is changing to even greater cold," and she shivered as she spoke.

"You look quite blue," said Dolly sympathizingly. "I've noticed Mr. Armor get quite blue when it's very cold," and she relapsed into silence.

Mrs. Lennox glanced at the exquisite face bent over the work with such infinite grace, curiously.

"Miss Frazer," she said, coloring deeply with agitation, "your sister has just spoken a name connected with the question I am about to ask you. Have you been, or are you at present engaged to this Mr. Armor?"

"No," said Olla, looking at Valerie in simple surprise; "how could you have heard that? Dolly and he are to be married in the spring."

She looked at Valerie questioningly. Was this the question there had been so much trouble in asking?

Suddenly its bearing on herself struck her, and, trembling with agitation, she sprang to her feet.

"Who told you such a false, wicked thing?" she cried, with an impetuosity that for a moment seemed to transform her to a thing of fire.

"Miss Cecil Bertrand told my cousin Theodore when he was in Toronto," said Valerie, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and without a trace of color even in her lips; "she said that it was your engagement to him prevented your visiting Toronto, as you had led my cousin to expect you would. You can imagine the result so far as Theodore is concerned."

Olla was never born to be a heroine. Here was the moment for denouncing vengeance on the wicked head that had wrought her such mischief, but she at once sacrificed all claims to heroic immortality by burying her face in her hands and sobbing over and over again:

"Oh, Cecil, how could you, could you do it?"

Valerie's face darkened as she gave a thought to Cecil, and brightened again as she rose and took Mrs. Frazer's hands in hers, while Dolly, in an anomalous kind of calm flutter, floated to Olla, and mistily conscious that her sister was in trouble, looked the sympathy she could not find words to express.

"Mrs. Frazer," said Valerie, radiant again as a southern constellation, "this is all a mystery to you, but a few words will make the affair clearer. In the first place, Olla, I am the most miserable woman in the world, and it lies in your power, my child, to render me happy again; at least," she added, as a shadow fell on her face, "as happy as I can ever hope to be. Will you do this for me?"

"If I can," said Olla, who had recovered her usual sweet composure. "Mamma," she added, turning to Mrs. Frazer, "you must think me so silly, but I did not think Cecil could have been so wicked."

"Well, Olla," said Valerie, "I must carry back your promise to Montreal, strengthened by the consent of your parents, that you will think more kindly of Theodore, than, I admit, he has any right to expect. In fact," said Valerie, with infinite candor, "he—"

"Behaved like a horrid donkey," said Sidney, who, in full walking dress, her cheeks crimson from the outer air, had been standing unobserved on the threshold for some moments, listening with profound attention. "Mamma, I can't help it! and, Olla, I told you Miss Cecil was telling fibs."

At this moment the door of the library opened, and a gentleman came into the hall, carrying a fur cap in his hand.

Mrs. Lennox, looking at Sidney in the doorway, saw beyond the bright head a dark face and a flowing beard of ebony darkness, and the eyes of Mr. Macer, shaded by their blue glasses, rested for a moment on the radiant form of Valerie, as she stood, the central figure in the group of women who had clustered round her.

Excitement had kindled a warm rose in the pure ivory of her cheeks. Her liquid black eyes flashed with expression, and her lips, fine and coral-scarlet, were parted in a singularly sweet smile.

She made an exquisite picture as she stood thus, in the rich firelight and sunlight of the room, a glowing creature such as Titian or Rubens would have loved to have painted, and such as smile from quaint old frames in the mellow light of Italian galleries.

Mr. Macer stood and studied her for a moment, and then turned back into the library.

Captain Frazer was writing at the escritoire, the front of which lay back, displaying rows of pigeon-holes containing bundles of papers, neatly arranged and labelled, for the Captain was, like most military men, the perfection of neatness in the ordering of his personal effects.

Androsia Howard sat basking in the full tide of sunlight pouring on her through the window, reading, her straight brows knitted over her brilliant eyes, which she raised from the page as Macer re-entered the room. Captain Frazer, absorbed in his task, did not notice his return.

Macer walked up to Androsia, who eyed his approach with extreme disfavor. Since his rescue of Sidney, he had been a very frequent visitor at the house, but while he was a lion and favorite with the other girls, Androsia's haughty reserve and evident dislike had not abated towards him by so much as a shade.

"Excuse me," he said, in his slow peculiar voice, "but I am all anxiety to know the name of Mrs. Frazer's beautiful guest. Will Miss Howard pardon my audacity in addressing her, and gratify my inquisitiveness?"

There was an undercurrent of mockery in his words and voice that Androsia felt like a sting. Her brows lowered, her head went up.

"Go away!" she said with that pitiless directness springing from her want of cultivation.

"You can ask some of the servants. I am busy," and, with a face of utter scorn, she dropped her eyes on her book. It was plain that it would require an immense amount of "cultivation" to make Androsia, poor child of nature, gracious to those her instincts warned her against as base and ignoble.

Mr. Macer's eyes sparkled behind his glasses, and a dull red glow showed on his swarthy face.

His long brown fingers clenched themselves stealthily, and, with a glance at Androsia's averted face, he left the room.

"I suppose I was what they call 'rude' to him," thought Androsia, with a slight pang of remorse; "but my tongue speaks of itself. I hate him!"

Mr. Macer walked out into the morning sunlight, and stood for a moment on the veranda, listening to the sound of Mike's saw as he busied himself with the wood-pile in the wood-

yard behind the house. The sharp cutting sound of the saw was accompanied occasionally by a bar or two of "Molly Bawn" or some hilarious remark to some person who was evidently engaged with a second saw in Mr. Murphy's neighborhood.

Mr. Macer's face expressed a great many things as he stood on the veranda reflecting on the rebuff he had just received from Androsia. There was amusement of a slightly diabolical character, malice, and, above and beyond all, a deadly resolve in the compression of the lips. The eyes were hidden by the tinted glasses, but the air of the man was deadly.

There was a look about his face, too, as of one who, in walking through the mists of evening, finds himself suddenly standing on the brink of some yawning and horrid chasm, and strains his gaze through the shadows to see if perchance, by a daring leap, he can gain in safety the opposing crest.

He had walked over this morning to borrow a book from Captain Frazer, and with a lingering step, that yet sounded firm and unflinching as the snow crunched beneath his foot, he walked away, and was lost to sight amongst the pine-trees, watched curiously over the cedar-hedge, which divided the front lawn from the kitchen-garden and wood-yard, by Mr. Murphy and his companion.

"Now who may that be?" said the latter, pausing to oil his saw, while Mike shook his head after the retreating form of Macer; "one of the family, I'll be bound." The questioner was a slightly-built young fellow in a checked flannel shirt and an old fur cap set well back from his freckled and sunburnt face, one side of which seemed considerably swollen, while his jaws were bound up with a red cotton handkerchief, emblazoned with "Let dogs delight to bark and bite" in yellow letters.

His eyes were sharp and bright, and his accent decidedly Milesian, a fact which had instantly commended him to the good graces of Mike, whose heart warmed instantly to anything or any one on which or whom the skies of Erin had smiled.

"You're out, Pat," responded Mr. Murphy, in a tone of some slight offence; "shure it's blind ye must be to be after takin' that black-ailed rascallion—the devil fly off wid him this same day!—for kith, kin or relation to the swate young craythurs inside. It's Macer, as he calls himself, it is."

"An' who's he, now?" asked Pat, looking musingly at the cord-wood stick he had just placed across the saw-horse. "It's a mortal black-faytured craythur he is, any-ways."

Mr. Murphy shook his head, and proceeded to light his favorite "dhudeen" as he answered:

"Sorra wan ov me knows, or any wan else in the house for that matter. He comes an' goes like wan ov themselves, an' exceptin' my Miss Drosia, he gets the heart's welcome from all. He says he's an artist! an' takin' pictures ov the winter scenes about the river. He boards down at Mrs. Appleyard's that sent ye up here to get the job ov helpin' me cut the winter's wood. How cum it ye didn't persave him yerself?"

"It's meself was only there wan night, an' a man on the tramp for work isn't over an' above noticeful ov strangers," said Pat. "Och, Mike, but this toothache's a sore bother, an' the wind so keen," and Pat groaned.

"Come now!" said Mike, grinning jocularly, "it's in to purty Rosie there ye wants to be, gettin' her to doctor up that face ov yours, an' bedad! I'm not blamin' ye, considerin' the wind that's in it."

"What's that noise?" said the young man suddenly.

He raised his hand and leant forward in an attitude of eager attention. Mike, too, listened, and through the sharp clear air there came a loud shout, evidently for assistance, two or three times repeated.

"I wouldn't like to be over an' above certain," said Mike, coolly, "but it's mortal like Mr. Macer's voice; maybe he slipt on that bit ov ice below the carriage-gate an' bruk his leg." There was an air of pleasurable speculation on Mr. Murphy's face that said more for his animosity towards Macer than a whole volume would have done. He applied a light to his pipe, and listened composedly for a repetition of the shout, and as soon as it came he smiled placidly as he observed:

"It's him, shure enough. Well! it's no day to lave a dog, let alone a gentleman, in distress. His voice comes from the gate-ways, an' if he's bruk his leg we'll be after wantin' that hand-sleigh. Fetch it along, Pat, ma bouchal!"

Mike walked very leisurely round the cedar-hedge, followed by Pat with the sleigh, and led the way through the pine-grove to the gate. About a hundred feet to the right of the carriage gate there was a steep but short hill, now, owing to successive thaw and frost, completely shod with ice as glare as glass, and at the foot of this declivity, as Mike had foreseen, sat Macer, his hands grasping his foot, while he shouted loudly for assistance.

"Is it hurt ye are, sur?" said Mike, with an air of great sympathy, as he approached the side of the road to which Macer had dragged himself. "Och hone! it's meself thought what had happened; but it's thankful ye ought to be that it chanced just here close by the house this shavin' day, sur. Is yer leg bruk, sur?"

"Only sprained," said Macer, turning a shade paler as he spoke, "but severely at that. I can't move a step, I am afraid." He looked as though it gave him a sharp twinge as he spoke, and he compressed his lips firmly.

There was nothing for it but, as Mike suggested, an immediate return to the house he

had just left, and, with the assistance of Pat, Mike managed to place him on the hand-sleigh and succeeded in dragging him up the hill.

He was quite unable to stand without assistance, and the family, who beheld his return from the drawing-room windows, ran out in dismay to learn the nature of the accident which had brought him back in this plight.

"I am afraid," he said, with a faint smile, to Mrs. Frazer, "that I must throw myself on your hospitality for the night, unless, indeed," he added anxiously, "you would allow Mike to drive me down to Scranton. Mrs. Appleyard, I have no doubt, would soon set me right again."

"Neither Captain Frazer nor myself could dream of allowing such a thing, Mr. Macer," said Mrs. Frazer, her face brightening, as she felt that now she would be enabled to return his service to Sidney in some degree; "you must be our guest until your ankle is well again." Perhaps in her maternal heart there was a faint wish dimly formed that they could have known something of the antecedents of this stranger, whom she, as well as her daughters, admitted to be one of the most fascinating men she had ever met.

And so it came about that Mr. Macer found himself thus unexpectedly domiciled in the bosom of the Frazer family.

Valerie Lennox watched him compassionately and curiously as Pat and Mike assisted him across the hall to the stairs, and became so absorbed in regarding him that Mrs. Frazer addressed her several times before, with a start, she heard and turned towards her.

"Pardon me," she said, crimsoning, "but, variable creature that I am! I have changed my mind, and will remain under your kind care for to-night, and telegraph to my aunt to expect me to-morrow. I will send no hint of the joyful news I have for Theodore," she said turning, with a rather broken and fluttering laugh, to Olla. "He deserves to be kept miserable a few hours longer. Don't you think so, Sidney?"

"I have no patience with such people," said Sidney severely, "and if I were Olla, I—"

"What would you do?" queried Valerie laughingly.

Sidney's loveliness and piquant sauciness delighted her. A really beautiful woman frequently takes genuine delight in the graces and attractions of another, despite all that may be said to the contrary.

"I don't know in the least," said Sidney gravely. "Dolly, you have owed Roddy a letter for this fortnight; come away and write it, or we shall have another embryo tragedy on our hands. *Au revoir* until tea-time, good people."

"If I had only something to say to him!" sighed Dolly, as she swept like a spirit from the room. "Oh, I wish he didn't ask me to write to him. It's worse than worsted work."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. MURPHY'S ASSISTANT.

"Now, Pat," said Mike, as he lighted the stable lantern, "if ye can lave Rosie there, ye might lend me the loan ov yer company to the stables, and help me a bit wid them basties ov ponies. Shure it'll de ye as much good to get a breath ov fresh air as sit cosherin in the corner there, wid Rosie."

"I guess ye'd best mind your own business," said Rosie disdainfully, tossing her black head and looking daggers at Mr. Murphy, "it's not your ugly old teeth that's aching, and if it was I guess you might reckon on doing all your crying yourself."

"Now, whisht, Rosie, me posie," said Mr. Murphy poetically, winking at Pat, who sat toasting his bandaged jaw at the kitchen stove, "shure it's meself 'ud give a welcome to a toothache in every grinder, if it wor yer purty self 'ud condescend to wrap the hot bran round me face, wid yer own dawshy hands, as ye did for Pat, there. But, och! it's could enough charity is for an old chap like me!" and Mr. Murphy heaved a labored sigh, and made a ridiculous effort to her sentimentally at the saucy serving-maid, who, *pour passer le temps*, had instituted a very lively flirtation, based upon the toothache, with Pat, who responded rather bashfully to her coquettish attentions.

"You'd get all you deserve!" said Rosie, more graciously, however, somewhat appeased by Mike's compliment; "but I guess I'd best go where I'm wanted; and, Pat, while ye're out just look to the door of the summer kitchen. I thought I shut it, but I heard it bang a little ago. Laws! but the wind's rosed powerful!"

Rosie tripped out of the kitchen, and Mr. Murphy and Pat went out to attend to the ponies for the night, leaving the room to solitude with the exception of an old Tabby of majestic proportions, which lay blinking luxuriously in the warm glow of the great cooking-stove. Rosie had taken away the lamp, and the dry maple burning redly, threw an inexpressible cheery light over the white walls, decorated with shining tins, and the painted floor. Three doors gave egress from the apartment, firstly to the summer kitchen, secondly to the wood-sheds, through which Mike and Pat had to pass on their way to the stables, and the third opened into the house.

A door from the summer kitchen opened into the wood-shed, and as Pat and Mike passed it, the latter remembering Rosie's request, looked to see if it required fastening.

"Bedad, she must have been dhraming," said Mike, holding up the lantern to inspect the latch, "the dure's closed right enough, but I'll just put up the bit ov a chain to make it so, this windy night," and while Pat held the lantern,

Mike secured the door on the outside by a stout chain, fixed to the post for the purpose, and then the two men took their way to the stable.

Hardly had the sound of their retreating steps died away, when the door leading from the summer to the winter kitchen, was noiselessly opened, and a face, dark and ghastly as some newly risen corpse, peered into the deserted apartment, and for a second took anxious survey of it. The appearance of the room seemed satisfactory, for the door was opened sufficiently to give entrance to the slender form of a tall Indian youth who stole like a shadow into the quiet room, and with a step as swift and soundless as the passage of light advanced towards a corner, where the outline of a trap-door made itself visible in the painted floor. Without a second's pause, he lifted it by an iron ring attached to it for the purpose, and disclosed a flight of steps leading into a spacious and airy cellar. Holding the trap in such a manner that it would descend noiselessly to its place he disappeared down the steps, and cautiously lowered the door over him. Hardly had it settled into its place when Rosie came back with the lamp, having been absent hardly five minutes. There was nothing in the appearance of the room to excite her suspicions of anything unusual having occurred in her absence, and taking up her knitting she seated herself in her wooden rocker and began to knit, and rock, and hum, a real picture of comfort, and a very pretty one too, with her apple-red cheeks, bright, shrewish, black eyes, and trim, rather gaily attired little figure. Despite the snapping of those eyes, and the sharp nimbleness of her tongue, she had a very pleasant smile and was a good-hearted little girl, much attached to the family of her employer, and inly much delighted with the evident impression her charms had made on the susceptible bosom of Mr. Murphy, who in this, "his sere and yellow leaf," had relinquished the memory of the faithless daughter of Erin, to worship at the shrine of the pretty Canadian parlor-maid. He had visions of a "cleared farm" over which Rosie and he should preside at some future date, if that young woman could be prevailed on to become the partner of his life, and his savings, the latter being quite a handsome sum, on account of his long service with Colonel Howard.

Presently he and Pat came back from the stable, shivering and blue from the outer air, and Rosie looked up sharply as they entered the kitchen.

"Now, Pat," she cried, "just walk out and brush that snow off your boots! and you too! Mike. One'd think a body had nothing to do but sweep and clean after you men folks! I'm sure me and Sally hev trouble enough running after that there Macer and his lame foot without a sight more from you two!"

"Is the gentleman's foot rale bad, Miss Rosie?" said Pat, as he resumed his seat by the stove, after carefully obeying her injunctions. "Och bud it's meself wishes he had this toothache along wid it, the murderin' torment that it is! Shure I wish it wor as aisy to cure as a sprain, any how!"

"I guess he don't feel very bright," said Rosie, "and if he isn't easier in the morning, Missus says, Mike there must go for the Doctor the first thing. Not that it looks much, but it do seem to hurt him quite a bit."

"The unfortunate craythur!" said Mike. "Well, well! it's a comfort to think that if it wor the will of a certain ould gentleman, the saints be betune us an' harrum! to invite him to his sate beside the nob down there, there's them about as could spare him, alsy!"

"You're a brute!" said Rosie, "people any-how, don't die of sprains, do they, Mr. Pat?"

"I never heard tell of any," responded Pat. "Begorra! me ould grannie larned me the trick ov curing them in a jiffy, when a gooseberry skin 'ud have made me a night-cap, a'most. She wor a wise woman, the Heavens be her bed!"

"Is that so?" said Rosie, letting her knitting drop on her apron and gazing at Pat with round eyes.

"That she wor," replied Pat, retrospectively gazing into the fire, "an' no mistake. She could rade a tay-cup or scent a guager, bad luck to 'em! wid any wise woman in the four parishes. An' as for love-charms, there warn't a colleen or gossoon in the county that wouldn't tramp her score ov miles, bare-fut, to get wan ov them."

"She didn't tell you anything about them last?" asked Rosie, much interested, "not that I reckon there's anything in such trash."

"In coorse not," said Mike, gallantly, "the red cheek an' the black eyes is the best love-charms. Eh, Rosie."

"Shut up, do!" said Rosie, "and let Pat speak, can't you?"

"Oh," said Pat, looking a little sulky, "if ye don't belave me, Miss Rosie, where's the use ov tellin' ye? You'd be after laughin' your life out at me, I'll be bound."

"Seeing is believing," said Rosie, who was secretly dying to hear about the despised love-charms, "if you was to cure Macer's ankle, I guess I'd be readier to believe your grannie was so awful cute, above other folks."

"Now would ye?" said Pat, getting a little nettled as he saw Rosie's cherry lips, pouting scornfully. "Well, here's a bargain, Miss Rosie, if ye get me laved to thry the wise woman's charm on the gentleman up-stairs, I'll make ye a gift ov wan ov them others, that 'ud draw the fishes out ov the salt say, most nigh, an' give ye the pick ov the country. Red Injuns an' all! I'd like to let you persave that it's the truth I'm discorsin' to ye."

"Laws," said Rosie, tossing her head, "I don't

want none of your trash, I'm sure; but it would n't be Christian to let Macer want the chance of gettin' around again, so if you like I'll ask him to let you try it."

"Do, yer sowl," said Pat, "it'll be doin' the poor gintleman a good turn anyhow."

"I've got to bring that there hot vinegar up to his room, right away," remarked Rosie, "and you can come up and stay outside the door until I ask him. He's a catchy kind of fellow, though he don't show it out much, so don't you dare come in unless you get leave. Missus is in the drawing-room with Mrs. Lennox and the young ladies or I darstn't venture to fetch you up."

"I'll mind," said Pat.

"What a thing it is to have a feelin' heart," said Mike, grinning behind the cloud of tobacco smoke that issued from his favorite dhudeen. "It is Macer's fut or them love-charms ye're thinkin' most ov, Rosie alannah."

"I wouldn't be such a fool as you, Mike, no, not for ten thousand dollars!" retorted Rosie, scarlet with wrath; "come, Pat, walk awful soft, for I wouldn't like Missus to hear."

"What a quare fish a faymale woman is to be sure!" murmured Mike, as Rosie and Pat vanished, "an' the ways they hev of deludherin' themselves, let alone the boys! There's Rosie now, she's makin' belave to herself, that it's Macer's sprain she's thinkin' ov when we all know how much the same sprain has to do wid it. Och, but that Pat's a rale lad, he is. It's meself won't be sorry whin his job ov wood cuttin' is over. A toothache's the Devil intirely for coortin' over."

Macer was seated in a great arm-chair drawn close to a blazing fire, and his injured foot rested on a pile of downy pillows, while a small stand stood at his elbow, bearing a reading-lamp, a small tea-equipage and a couple of magazines. He was alone, and his eyes were fixed on the fire as though he were plunged into a profound reverie, and his knitted brows proclaimed that either his injury or his meditations gave him some uneasiness. His eyes flashed and his lips were compressed, but while his thoughts were evidently concentrated on some subject of absorbing interest, there was mingled with his reverie a curious watchfulness, from which no movement in the quiet house seemed to escape.

Rosie's step and knock roused him with a start, and he called out "come in," with an impatient half-sigh.

Rosie entered with the embrocation, after warning Pat to remain perdu in the passage until she had sounded Macer on the subject of his willingness to permit the trial of the charm, the merits of which Pat was eager to prove in honor of the memory of the "wise woman" from whom he proudly claimed descent.

Pat, however, being the possessor of a most inquisitive and Paul-Pryish disposition, no sooner found himself alone in the dimly-lighted lobby than he was seized with a strong desire to see the interior of the apartment into which Rosie had disappeared, and of which he had obtained a momentary glimpse as she had opened the door. The wind rattled and raved boisterously and the windows shook noisily, so that the turning of the handle of the door, escaped notice, and thrusting his face close to the aperture, he looked cautiously into the room.

Macer sat half-turned from the door, while Rosie knelt before him, bathing the sprained member with the hot vinegar, her face screwed into an expression of profound sympathy as she plied her task.

"Do you feel it easier?" she asked, presently, "it do seem to hurt you awful though 'taint much swollen."

"Not much easier," said Macer, impatiently, "it's a wretched trifle though to keep a man chained in one spot when he ought to be about his business. My drawings will suffer for this enforced idleness."

"It's a rale shame!" said Rosie, sympathetically, "now, if I was you, I'd send for the doctor right away."

"Those pretty little hands of yours ought to be equal to a charm, Rosie," said Macer, smiling, so far as his lips were concerned, but his eyes were gloomy enough as they rested for a brief second on the coquettish face of the little parlor-maid.

Rosie eagerly caught at the word.

"There now!" she exclaimed, as though for the first time struck by the recollection, "it was real mean of me to disremember it! There's a young man down stairs as says he has a charm that would cure that there sprain right off. When I was a little girl and lived with my father in the back townships, I remember them old squaws usin' sich things for sprains and ague, and some of them were right smart in making good cures."

Macer gave the girl such a savage look, that brave as she was, her heart leaped beneath her trim bodice.

"Do you take me for an idiot, woman?" he said, fiercely, and then as though annoyed at his own violence, he added more calmly, "excuse me, child, but you cannot imagine how utterly distasteful such superstitions practised by those old beldames are to me. Ugh! how I abhor the whole race of red-skins!"

"Well, you needn't get mad, Mr. Macer," retorted Rosie, as she rose indignantly from her knees. "I meant friendly by you; and Pat is as white as yourself if you don't take no account of reckles; and as for superstitions, it was chiefly berries, and bark and herbs that the squaws used, poor old things. Superstitions, indeed!"

"An' shure anyways, yer honer wouldn't be after comparin' an ould wise woman like my grannie, her soul to glory! to them ould copper-

colored craythures?" said the voice of Pat, who in his interest in the conversation, forgetting Rosie's warnings, had thrust, first his head and then his body into the apartment, and with a deprecatory air was edging closer to Macer, who surveyed his approach with a look of haughty displeasure. Rosie, dumb with indignation and dismay, shook her head spitefully at Pat, who smiled serenely with his head on one side, not at her, but at Macer, who turned to Rosie.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" said the former in his slowest, lowest voice, a tone which always accompanied a certain compression of the lips and dilation of the finely cut nostrils. Signs to any who might hold the key of interpretation, of an anger deadlier than any that might be expressed in others by the most florid tokens of rage of which the countenance of man is capable.

"Shure it's no intrusion at all, at all," said Pat, affably; "it's meself wouldn't dhrame of sich a thing! I just made bould to step up to see if yer honer'd let me thry a bit ov a charmum for that sprain ov yours. Och now, shure, a sprain is a bad thing, it is," and Pat bent down and peered at the foot which lay on the cushions.

"Leave the room, directly," said Macer, and he pointed to the door, his face quite livid.

"No offinse, sur," said Pat, "shure, after all it don't seem much ov a sprain. Bedad, I've walked me five Irish miles wid a worse, but perhaps it's worse than it looks. So you won't thry the charmum, sur?"

"Get out, Pat, you great fool!" said Rosie, "how dare you come in where I told you not! You're not wanted here. Laws, Mr. Macer, don't you mind him. He don't mean anything."

"In coorse not," said Pat, shuffling slowly towards the door, "What should I mane? I daresay the sprain's worse than it looks. But it's meself didn't like to hear yees talkin' ov them ould hags, them squaws, in the same coorse ov connection wid a decent Connaght woman like me grannie, who wint to her duny and ate tatties and buttermilk like a decent Christian woman," and with a somewhat offended air, Pat went out muttering his discontent, while Macer turned to Rosie.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked, anger in voice and eye.

"A hired man," said Rosie, stiffly. "I guess if you don't want anything, I'll go."

"Nothing, thanks," said Macer, "except that you will take care that I am not intruded on again in such an unwarrantable manner. I'll sleep in this chair all night, so you need not send Mike to me."

Rosie departed angry with herself, with Macer, and above all with Pat, who had roused Macer's wrath, and fully determined to give her admirer a stirring piece of her mind, a task into which she generally plunged *con amore*.

As the door closed behind her, Macer flung himself back in his chair and stared angrily into the leaping flames.

"The devil take the meddling dev!" he muttered, "it would almost seem as though he suspected me! However, that is simply impossible, and with the prize to-night will place in my hands I cannot draw back. Great Powers!" he exclaimed, "if after all I should be mistaken, and that it should not be there! But I need not fear that evil. I have gathered enough from the old man to confirm my idea, and I feel the fore-glow of triumph upon me. To-night places the golden key in my hands. Let me but manipulate it properly and it gives me all the rest. The devil seems, according to the old adage, to have taken care of his own, and I am guiltless of the blood that might have risen to bar the road to success, and in the future I can settle down into a thoroughly respectable life, with as clean hands as half the patriarchs of society who are held up as examples of cleanly living to those who are, perhaps, a thousand times better than themselves. Who knows in time but I too may ride in my jugged nant car of morality over writhing worshippers, who see nothing but the gilding of my elucubrations under the golden wheels of which they are ready to grovel in the dust, grovel and worship. After all, perhaps, morality may not be altogether a name, there is something in the air of this house."

"A fragrance like that of the beautiful garden,"

"Of Paradise in the days that were;"

"An odor of innocence."

as Longfellow hath it that would almost convince one with its sweet logic. Well, to the rich all things are possible. If fate ordain me wealth I will ordain myself virtue, with old Jack Falstaff, I will, figuratively of course, for vulgar dissipation is not in my life.

"Forswear sack, and live cleanly!"

(To be continued.)

A CAUTION TO HOUSEWIVES.—The following happened in Paris:—A servant entered her mistress's apartments, crying and sobbing. "Madame! oh, madame!"—"What is the matter, Françoise?"—"Madame, I have stuck a fork into my finger."—"Oh, that's nothing, Françoise: you will not feel it to-morrow."—"I should not be afraid, madame, if I was sure the fork was silver."—"You may, then, be perfectly easy; the fork is—all our forks are silver."—"Oh! then I don't feel alarmed; but I was dreadfully frightened, for I thought the fork was plated."—The next morning Françoise disappeared, taking all the forks with her.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF JOURNALISM.

"The history of journalism," as a writer some time ago observed, "has yet to be written." And, surprising as it may seem, the proposition cannot be contested. The *Fourth Estate* of Mr. Knight Hunt, the *History of British Journalism* by Mr. Andrews, and the *Origin, Progress, and Present Position of the Newspaper Press*, by Mr. Grant, do not, by common consent, treat of the subject with the requisite largeness of view. Meagre indeed is what they communicate respecting the history of "Foreign Intelligence;" and, therefore, the following narrative, the materials for which are exclusively taken from old files of the *Times*, may not be unacceptable.

Up to as late as 1785 the newspaper press had little authority in regard to foreign intelligence. This circumstance was perhaps due in some measure to taxation, which materially diminished the fair profit of trade, and deterred the proprietors from proceeding on a larger scale. At the same time it should be pointed out that they were obviously deficient in enterprise, and, by their curious treatment of the advertising public, did not turn the chief source of their revenue to sufficient account. The effect of the avoidable and unavoidable poverty of the newspapers was particularly apparent in the foreign department. The regular or the special correspondent had not yet appeared; continental intelligence was derived from foreign journals. Such dependence could not be otherwise than a source of error; and the English public were consequently unable to procure reliable information.

This state of things, in common with other shortcomings of the newspaper press, attracted the attention of the future founder of the *Times* newspaper, Mr. John Walter. In early life, this remarkable man, having served an apprenticeship in the office of Robert Dodsley, of *Annual Register* fame, set up in business on his own account, acquired a little fortune by his industry, and adopted the profession of an underwriter. The capture of some merchantmen, however, reduced him to penury; when, falling back upon his former occupation, he resolutely addressed himself to the task of winning wealth and consideration. By the year 1784 his exertions had been crowned with encouraging success. He then had a large publishing business at Charing-cross; conducted *Lloyd's List*; had a share in the coal-market; and, besides being engaged in a variety of other occupations, was a director of the Phoenix Fire-office. Active, enterprising, firm of purpose, and anxious to supply the shortcomings we have noticed, he brought out, on the 1st of January 1785, what may be described as the first number of the *Times*.

The French Revolution in 1789 gave Mr. Walter the first good opportunity of carrying out his purpose. On previous occasions, when any event of importance had happened abroad, such as the Duke of Brunswick's invasion of Holland, he had added the recommendation of priority to his news; but it was reserved for the action of the *tiers-état* to give full effect to his intentions. The want of accurate intelligence was much felt in England, and disregarding the difficulty and expense incident to the undertaking, Mr. Walter established an agency in Paris for the prompt transmission of the most truthful French journals to London, at the same time making arrangements to procure information by means of private messengers. The experiment succeeded admirably; the *Times* carried an important point against its rivals, and was soon looked upon as a gazette of authentic tidings from France. Among the events that it exclusively announced was the removal of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette from Versailles to Paris. "Its priority of news," says Mr. Cyrus Redding in his *Recollections*, speaking of the *Times* at this period, "was even then noticed by the public." The other papers, finding that a denial of its reliability generally recoiled upon themselves, and in despair of being able to keep up with it, adopted the questionable course of delaying their printing until the *Times* had appeared, taking out interesting news, and paraphrasing it so far as to lead their readers to suppose it had been received from original sources. This arrangement, while serving to maintain their own credit, could not but give the *Times* a good start, and largely increase its circulation.

In 1792, by which year the *Times* had fought its way to the front rank, it became evident that an alteration in the system was absolutely necessary. Not only was the style of French reporting exceedingly inconvenient to a translator, but the Paris papers, one and all, descended to the most shameless partiality. "You must have observed," said the editor of the *Moniteur* to Robespierre, "that I have always reported the speeches of the Mountain at greater length than those of any other party. I gave but a short extract from Louvet's first accusation of you; I published your answer entire. I reported, almost in full, all the discourses pronounced for the death of the king, and only quoted a few extracts from the others, to preserve some semblance of impartiality. I may say with confidence that the publicity I gave to your two speeches, and to that of Barrère, contributed not a little to decide the opinion of the assembly and the departments." This statement, which is to be found in the *Papiers inédits de Robespierre*, forms a striking proof of what the Press must become under an absolutism. Good however sprang from the evil. It had the effect of originating that branch of literature which has become so conspicuous in our time. In the early part of the summer of 1792, finding that

the French papers could not be relied upon, and that ere long a crisis in the history of the French monarchy must arrive, Mr. Walter despatched a correspondent to Paris, and established a news agency at Brussels. Consequently, the fearful scenes enacted in the French capital from the 10th of August to the 6th of September were described in letters "from our regular correspondent." That this enterprise was amply rewarded there can be no doubt. Fox, writing on the 8th of September, says, "I believe French news is what all the world is principally interested about."

Even more conspicuous were the triumphs of the *Times* at the beginning of 1793. Thanks to the activity of its correspondent, it gave a more detailed account of the execution of Louis XVI. than appeared elsewhere, and it was the first to announce the declaration of war against England and Holland. Never, perhaps, had journalistic energy proved more successful; and the sound of the newsman's horn at the breakfast-hour, followed by cries of "the *Times*—important news!" never failed to create a sensation. This was more particularly the case on the morning of the 25th of January, when the account of the execution was published. A kind of stupor instantly seized the minds of all classes, although some bodies of political agitators, captivated by the levelling doctrines of the Revolution, had gone so far as to openly recommend the King's decapitation. The report in the *Times* was too minute to admit of doubt that the extreme measure had been resorted to. The news spread with extraordinary rapidity; couriers galloped from London in all directions with copies of the daily papers; the stage coachmen whipped their horses into a sharper pace than usual; and by the night of the 26th the fate of the French monarch was generally known. The great power which public opinion had already acquired was then displayed. The first feeling, that of bewilderment, died away; grief, horror, and indignation at so dark a transaction were expressed; the resentment created by the opening of the Scheldt and the Decree of Fraternisation broke into flame; the gauntlet thrown down by the Convention was enthusiastically taken up; and a cry for war reverberated from one extremity of the kingdom to the other.

But the success of the *Times* was destined to meet with an irritating check. Under the iron sway of Robespierre, all communication between France and England was expressly prohibited. Nor, as several persons found to their cost, did he allow the decree to become a dead letter. At Ostend, a few months later, a man who had been in the habit of conveying newspapers through the frontiers was taken up and afterwards guillotined at Lille. His apprehension led to the discovery of others engaged in the same business. Nevertheless, a week seldom passed without the *Times* receiving information from Paris, either by such means as Mr. Walter had devised, or through the agency of neutral vessels. These despatches, however, were not so satisfactory as to nullify the effect of the decree; and, as an illustration of this, it may be stated that on the 25th day of July, when the details of Marat's death were in everybody's mouth, the *Times*, not knowing the name of his assassin, alluded to Charlotte Corday as "the woman who assassinated Marat." It was to private friendship that Mr. Walter was indebted for his best account of the Queen's execution. The writer, whose name did not transpire, resided at the Court of France prior to and during the early part of the Revolution, and was personally known to the illustrious captive. Being also acquainted with Mr. Walter, he contrived to send the account in question to Printing-house-square. This was afterwards revised by the Editor, and republished by "Mr. T. Longman, of Paternoster-row," together with the *Times* report of the trial. A proscribed citizen of Lyons, who had been fortunate enough to escape to Switzerland, described in a letter to the *Times* the horrors lately perpetrated in his native city. September refugees had set the example; and it was natural that they should have selected a paper which enjoyed so large a share of public attention.

Robespierre adhered to his decree against communication with England to his fall, and the Directory afterwards continued it in force. Owing, however, to well-directed enterprise, and to the fact that his Paris correspondent was an eye-witness of some of the events of the war, Mr. Walter succeeded in maintaining, as far as possible under the circumstances, the reputation of his paper. In 1799 he did more. For a period of three months he received the Paris journals exclusively. The *Times*, therefore, stood alone in announcing a variety of great events. The deliverance of Italy put the paper for a time in possession of many sources of authentic information, which had been suppressed by the Directory; but the subsequent subjection of that country to France again sealed them up. In the spring of 1800, taking advantage of the revolution which conducted Bonaparte to the helm, Mr. Walter established in Paris another correspondent, the first of whose letters appeared in the *Times* of April 21st.

The Post-office now interposed. For some time past the abuses in that department had been such as to almost exceed belief. The officials, fortified by an old Act of Parliament, which permitted them to add to their salaries by divers fees, unscrupulously sacrificed the public convenience to their own profit. For example, by paying them 5s. a quarter, a person received letters an hour and a half sooner than his less easily-circumstanced neighbor. In the newspaper offices this rapacity was felt with particular keenness. About this time, carrying out an idea originated, we believe, by the founder of the

Gentleman's Magazine, the Post-office officials took advantage of their situations to assume an absolute control over the foreign intelligence of the English press. On the arrival of the mails, they retarded the delivery of the newspaper-proprietors' parcels, drew up and printed at a private press an abstract of the most important news, sent a copy to each of the editors, and exacted a guinea—the regular price—in return. If, moreover, the mail arrived on a Saturday night, the parcels were not delivered until Monday morning, the interval being employed in procuring translations. The newspapers, therefore, suddenly found themselves at the mercy of the Post-office officials. Nor did the latter fail to reap additional profit from this fact. Occasionally, when a stress of weather lightened their purses by delaying the mails, they sent translations of "stale news" to the offices, and threatened to withhold important intelligence at a future day in the event of payment being refused. By this system it was computed that they extorted nearly three thousand guineas per annum from the newspapers. Stanhope, the comptroller of the Post-office, and Freeling, the resident surveyor and secretary, were the chief recipients of this ill-gotten money. The income of the former was, for the most part, derived from fees and perquisites. Of each guinea received in the manner described he took an eighth part. He also obtained large gains by a newspaper trade with Lisbon, Malta, Gibraltar, and other places. Freeling was in a considerably better position. His official salary was 700*l.* a year; his fees and perquisites, it was believed, amounted to no less than ten times that sum.

The *Times*, in common with its contemporaries, believed there was no alternative but to acquiesce in this state of things, and agreed to pay the Post-office sixty guineas a year for the papers. At times, as will appear from the following bills, extra charges were made;

Hamburg and Altona papers to the inst., by Tonnigen mail, arrived this morning.

£110 THE TIMES.
GENERAL POST-OFFICE.
Foreign Comptroller.

Again:
The Editor of The Times
To the Clerks of the Foreign Office.

To French papers sent on the —, the —, and the —, 180—, at five guineas each time.

£15 10 0

Fortunately, however, this system was destined not to last very long. The founder of the *Times*, retiring in the autumn of 1802, was succeeded in the management by his second son, John Walter, who in the course of four or five years threw all his father's achievements into the shade. Born at Clapham on the 23rd of February 1776, he spent some time at Merchant Taylors' School, and, after working as a compositor in Printing-house-square, completed his education at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1802, though intended for the Church, he devoted himself to the improvement of the journal with which his name is associated. The history of the newspaper press has not so great a name to commemorate. Inheriting from his father a high conception of journalism, he enlarged it from time to time by the suggestions of a powerful mind, and for the space of forty-five years almost unceasingly endeavored to reach the highest pitch of excellence. Invincible in resolution, self-reliant and fearless, he was eminently qualified to succeed. The influence of his early home associations and superior education was always perceptible. The concurrent testimony of those who knew him shows him to have been a gentleman, a scholar, and a friend.

Such was the man with whom the officials of the Post-office had to deal. At first he continued the usual payment to them, knowing that he was at their mercy. The renewal of the war in 1803 broke the chain of communication between the Continent and the Post-office, and the young manager proceeded to open channels for himself. In this, though not achieving much in the way of priority, he succeeded so far as to make himself independent of the Post-office without disadvantage to himself. Nevertheless, he held to the arrangement entered into by his father, and the officials, though well aware that it was almost unnecessary to send to Printing-house-square, accepted the money. So long as he was content to pay for nothing, and to outrun the mails by a few hours only, they did not complain. But their comparative equanimity soon gave place to utter consternation.

Under the influence of Great Britain, another coalition against Napoleon, consisting of Russia, Sweden, Austria, and Naples, was formed. The French Emperor, enlisting Spain under his banner, had exerted himself to collect an efficient fleet, and, in order to facilitate the invasion of England, was endeavoring to distract the attention of the government by inserting false reports in his journals and spreading them over Europe. Everything pointed to the conclusion that extraordinary events were approaching. Ambitious to outvie what his father had accomplished, Mr. Walter eagerly seized the opportunity which now presented itself. He proceeded to carry out a bold plan for the transmission of foreign newspapers and letters. In the course of a few weeks his arrangements were completed. Agents of the *Times* sprang up in every part of Europe where important events seemed likely to occur. The danger they confronted served only to increase the zeal with

which they worked. Bribery, disguises, and pretexts were extensively employed.

As may be supposed, Mr. Walter suffered no ordinary anxiety as to the result of his expensive enterprise. As time passed, however, he saw no reason to regret what he had done. He outstripped the mails and the couriers of the government. He received his foreign journals before any other copies had reached England. He stood alone in announcing events of great importance to the public. The effect was instant and decisive; the whole metropolis fixed its attention on the *Times*, and the circulation rapidly increased. The irritation of the out-general papers was exhibited in a curious way. One was "astonished" at Mr. Walter's "extraordinary avidity;" another, with equal candour, reprehended his "extreme forwardness;" a third ascribed his activity solely to an "illiberal and narrow sense of party attachment!" "This," said the *Times*, "is the first time we ever heard that the procuring of a priority of information was a fault in a journalist. Great, however, as the crime may appear, and considerable as may be the blame attached to us in consequence, we are fearful that in the course of the next six months we shall be often guilty of the same offence."

Little did Mr. Walter dream of the obstacles he had to encounter in realising this apprehension. The Post-office officials saw that, in consequence of the successes of the *Times*, the abolition of their lucrative trade was at hand. The other papers would rather copy from the *Times* than wait and buy the usual translations. Farther, Mr. Walter, to whom every guinea was doubly valuable at this juncture, seeing no reason why the Post-office should be rewarded for nothing, discontinued payment. Exasperated beyond measure by this twofold loss, the officials conceived a mortal hatred of the *Times*, and were prepared to go any length to defeat the new arrangement.

His Majesty's Government took advantage of this feeling to endeavor to attain an important end. The *Times*, it should be understood, had been uniformly distinguished for independence of party. A pledge to this effect was given in its first address to the public. Rendered influential by its fairness, it strongly censured, in the spring of 1805, the malversations of Lord Melville, then just disclosed by the Naval Commissioners. First by fair offers, and afterwards by threats, the Government tried to divert the *Times* from this course, but to no purpose. At the close of the session the Walters were deprived of the government advertisements and the printing for the Customs—a business performed by contract. Now, apparently sensible of the fact that the feeling against the First Lord was chiefly due to the articles in the *Times*, and that the weight of the paper with the public was the fruit of its acknowledged impartiality, the Government were anxious to subordinate that weight to their own interest.

In securing priority of news, Mr. Walter may be said to have played into the hands of his enemies. The Government saw that they could close against him all channels of communication from the Continent. They could make it impossible for him to satisfy the expectations he had raised. In that case the public must abandon the *Times* in disgust. Then, on the condition of his giving them its support, but under the mask of independence, they might enable him to recover lost ground. Evidently captivated by this prospect, the Government communicated with the postal authorities, arranging that all packages for the *Times*, whether by foreign vessels or the ordinary mail, should be kept back until priority was out of the question, and that, under particular conditions, the seals should be broken for the benefit of the Tory papers. Of the success of the plan there was very little doubt. The officials, on whom everything depended, were, in the event of failure, to be indemnified for the loss of their perquisites; in on the other hand, they defeated Mr. Walter, they would have the additional satisfaction of revenge.

The campaign was opened in July. Packets addressed to Printing-house-square were intercepted at all the outposts. When, for example, foreign vessels arrived at Gravesend, the captains were asked if they had anything for the *Times*. These, on being acknowledged, were regularly stopped; but the parcels intended for the other journals were received by the head of the Alien Department and forwarded in the usual way. Particular attention was paid to the property of those papers which gave a decided support to the Administration.

Mr. Walter, ignorant of this formidable combination, but suspecting that the Post-office officials were at the bottom of the interceptions, went to Gravesend and spoke to the government officer on the subject. The latter simply said that he would transmit the *Times* packages with the others, but he was not allowed to do so. This reply, though rather ambiguous, convinced Mr. Walter that his suspicion was well founded. No idea that the Government had authorized the proceeding seems to have entered his mind. Returning in all haste to London, he lodged a complaint with the Under Secretary of State, and, proceeding to the Post-office, ironically asked to be "allowed to receive his own property." Compliance with this request, the officials said, would interfere with the Post-office. No person had a right to receive foreign papers except through the medium of that department. This assertion could be fully borne out by an Act of Parliament. Other papers, it was true, were peculiarly favored, but that was no reason why all should be placed on the same footing. With this the interview terminated.

Having, as he supposed, impressed Mr. Wal-

ter with a notion that the Post-office was incontestably the master of the situation, an official of consequence took the first opportunity of disclosing to him the purpose of the Government. All interference with the *Times* packages, he said, should be withdrawn if Mr. Walter would regard it as a favor conferred upon him by Government. About the same time an answer to the complaint lodged at the Home Office was received. The matter, observed the Under-Secretary, did not rest with him. It was even then in discussion whether the Government should not reserve an exclusive channel for favored journals. The Editor of the *Times*, however, might receive his letters as a favor.

Hitherto Mr. Walter had supposed that it was the avarice of the Post-office officials alone that had caused his disappointment. He now saw how he was situated. The Government had determined to fetter the liberty of the *Times*, the Post-office being its willing instrument. The favor spoken of in Lombard-street and the Home Office implied the expectation of another favor in the spirit and tone of his journal. But even at that moment, when his success apparently depended on the good-will of the Government—a good-will which, owing to the importance of the *Times*, could have been purchased by a few words—he forgot neither what he owed to himself nor to his principles. Resolved to maintain his independence at all hazards, he promptly and distinctly refused to accede to any terms whatever, telling the astonished functionaries that he would get the papers by his own unaided exertions.

We have now to see how far this confidence in his own resources was justified. Mr. Walter's first step was to make new arrangements with his agents on the continent. Their packages were to be sent by post, not through Gravesend or other outposts. This plan, it is scarcely necessary to say, proved a decided failure. The packages were either delayed, opened, or withheld by the Post-office officials. Another complaint being made, Mr. Walter was told that the seals had been broken on the continent, and that miscarriages frequently occurred. Unimposed upon by these statements, Mr. Walter asked a mercantile firm in the city to permit his letters to be enclosed in their parcels. The request was at once complied with; packages for the *Times* ceased to come under the eyes of the clerks; priority of intelligence again enhanced the popularity of the paper; and the Post-office officials, despite all their efforts, were unable for a time to discover the secret.

Meanwhile, packages arriving by foreign vessels were stopped with the same rigor as before. Again did Mr. Walter address a remonstrance to the Home Secretary on the subject. In effect the reply was but a repetition of its predecessor. Provided it could be known what party he would support, redress would be offered. For the third time Mr. Walter refused to compromise the independence of his paper. "And be it observed," he writes five years afterwards, introducing himself in the third person, "that it was from no spirit of determined opposition to Government that he rejected the proposals made to him. On the contrary, he has on several, and those very important occasions, afforded those men his best support whose offers, nevertheless, at any time to purchase, or whose attempts to compel, that support, he has deemed himself obliged to reject and resist. Nay, he can, with great truth, add that advantages in the most desirable forms have been offered to him, but that he has rejected them."

After the lapse of a few weeks the officials succeeded in discovering by what channel Mr. Walter obtained his information. The merchants, it appears, were in the habit of sending at a certain hour to the Post-office for their letters, which were received at the window and paid for. Now, however, the packet containing Mr. Walter's papers was not delivered on application, but, after the lapse of a few hours, was brought to the counting-house by a postman, the excuse being that it had been accidentally overlooked. During the interval the papers had been taken out, examined, and translated for the benefit of the officials. One morning Mr. Walter induced his mercantile friend to anticipate the delivery of a mail with a complaint that certain letters had not been received. A clerk was accordingly despatched to the Post-office with instructions to lay the complaint before going to the window. Mr. Walter, in taking this course, acted on the presumption that the clerks, alarmed by so unexpected a proceeding, would not venture to keep back what was intended for him. Nor did he miscalculate. When, a quarter of an hour after the complaint was laid, the merchant's clerk applied at the window for his employer's letters, the original charge for postage, as marked on the outside was increased by three shillings—a letter for the *Times* having evidently been returned to the packet in the interval.

And so the second stratagem had failed. But Mr. Walter did not lose heart. He was one of those men whose energies augment in proportion to the difficulties which beset them. Situated as he was, many would have given up the contest in despair, feeling they had done all that was possible. Perceiving that no half-measures would answer, he again put his ingenuity to the test, and in the course of a few hours, prepared a comprehensive scheme for the transmission of his letters and papers. They were to come through several mercantile houses. Each packet was to be marked in accordance with an ever-varying schedule. Copies of this schedule were to be in the hands of each correspondent on the continent. By referring to the original, Mr. Walter knew where to send for his letters, and how to distinguish them

from the correspondence of those for whom they were ostensibly intended.

The end was now attained. The correspondents obeyed their instructions with due precision. The merchants kept the secret so well that all attempts to discover it proved abortive. The *Times* was able to fulfil the expectations it had raised. Early and comparatively ample intelligence became one of its features; commercial circles soon regarded it as a necessity; half the trade of the English metropolis proceeded on the faith of what it stated; the circulation and the number of advertisements rapidly increased, and the post-office officials had to confess themselves beaten.

Thus, after a spirited contest, did the energy and the resources of one man prevail over a combination supported by the influence of Government and the passion of defeated rapacity. But this is not the only consideration suggested by the foregoing. It will be observed that public convenience was deliberately sacrificed to private interest. An early delivery of letters depended upon the recipient being able to pay a stipend. Packages for newspapers were systematically retarded or suppressed. The English Government knew well that such abuses existed; but, so far from extirpating them, it unscrupulously turned them to account. It is to be observed, too, that the Pitt Administration feared an impartial pen; that in pursuing their object they could employ force as well as corruption; and that, while professing to admire the British Constitution, they could interfere with the liberty of discussion and opinion. We have no proof that Mr. Pitt himself was privy to the persecution of Mr. Walter, but as premier he must be held responsible for the acts of his government, and it is scarcely probable that he could have been ignorant of such exceptional proceedings.

Events on the continent proved as important as Mr. Walter had anticipated. The Emperor Francis placed the Austrian troops under the command of the incompetent Mack; and Napoleon, effecting a sudden and rapid march from Boulogne to Germany, compelled him, on October 17th, 1805, to surrender at Ulm, with 30,000 men. A few days afterwards, however, the conqueror's dreams of maritime supremacy were somewhat rudely dissipated. On the 21st of October, the wooden walls of England faced the combined fleets of France and Spain at Trafalgar. The results of that memorable contest—the total defeat of the enemy and the death of the British commander—need but a passing mention. Napoleon, on the other hand, was soon left without a rival on the continent. Pursuing the allied armies into Moravia, he inflicted upon them (December 2nd,) the crushing defeat of Austerlitz, which forced Austria to a humiliating peace, broke up the coalition, and made him the dictator of the continent.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect produced by the *Times* information at this period. On the 28th of October, in a second edition, it announced the 'total defeat of the Austrians and the capture of General Mack.' Neither its contemporaries nor the War Office was in receipt of the news. Indeed, more than a week passed before its truth was affirmed. In the interval the public anxiety was wrought to the highest pitch. Pitt, apparently unable to believe that so great a misfortune had occurred, told Lord Malmesbury 'not to believe a word' of the report, as it was 'all a fiction.' On the 3rd of November, however, a Dutch newspaper, containing a long account of the capitulation, arrived. Three days later, also in a second edition, the *Times* exclusively announced the annihilation of the combined fleets and the death of Nelson. The intensity of feeling displayed by the people has, perhaps, never been exceeded. The splendor of the victory was almost lost sight of in the affliction with which the news of the admiral's fall was received. No ebullition of joy—nay, apparently, not even a spark of enthusiasm—was created. The cypress overshadowed the laurel; everybody felt that the victory had been purchased at too dear a price. The humiliation of Austria, appropriately enough, was first told in the *Times*; and, in the words of that paper, the public learnt that 'from the Baltic to the farthest extremity of Italy there was not a sovereign or a prince who at that moment might not be said to hold his power by sufferance from Bonaparte.'

The history of the relations between the *Times* and the post-office is not yet ended. Before resuming it, however, we may venture upon a short digression. The death of Pitt was followed by the formation of the comprehensive coalition ministry known as 'All the Talents'; and one of the members, seemingly anxious to repair the injustice sustained by Mr. Walter in respect of the Custom-house business sent him for signature a copy of a memorial to be presented to the Treasury. But Mr. Walter, having reason to believe that this simple act of justice was likely to be considered as a favor entitling its authors to a certain degree of influence in Printing-houses-square, refused to sign or to have any concern in presenting the memorial. Finding, too, that a memorial was still likely to be presented, he wrote to those by whom the reparation was to be made, disavowing all share in the proceeding. This proud spirit of independence—the 'life-blood of journalism,' as Mr. Knight Hunt designates it—placed an impassable barrier between the Walters and the printing business.

In October, 1806, the post-office officials displayed their bad feeling towards the *Times* by withholding from it information sent to all the other papers, and Mr. Walter despatched a friend to Lombard street, to ascertain the cause

of the omission. In the interval the officials seem to have found out that it was necessary to conciliate the *Times*. Were that paper to acquaint the public with the malpractices of the post-office, as it undoubtedly was able to do, the new administration, as notorious popularity hunters, would think it politic to extirpate such abuses. Such a consideration must have been irresistible; and, accordingly, Mr. Stanhope was prepared to make a graceful concession. For reasons of state, however, he threw a disguise over this disposition. 'The *Times*' he said to Mr. Walter's friend, 'has established so great a reputation for priority of foreign intelligence that it will not be affected by the omission of some articles.' After this the good temper of the comptroller was exhausted, and he sharply observed that these 'extraordinary efforts' of the *Times* were 'improper.' They were prejudicial to the footing of the other London newspapers. It would be beneficial, not alone to the latter, but to the *Times* itself, were exertions not made to anticipate the customary arrivals. Mr. Walter's friend rejoined that the post-office had no right to assume a discretionary power in the transmission and detention of news; that the department was nothing more than a mere channel of conveyance for the accommodation of the public; that it possessed no controlling power over the exertions of those who should expend large sums in procuring early information; that it was not intended, either in its origin or its end, to limit any just and constitutional means of obtaining intelligence; above all, that it had no right as a tribunal to sit in judgment on the industry and perseverance of any person in the mode of carrying on a fair correspondence, but was bound, as a branch of the public service, liberally to pay for its labors, to act faithfully and impartially. Mr. Stanhope did not attempt to controvert these truths, and afterwards agreed to put the *Times* in possession of what he sent to the other papers. The importance of the concession is at once apparent. It placed no check on the enterprise of Mr. Walter, and saved him from the contingency of appearing in an unfavorable light.

This, joined to the continuance of the system adopted in the previous year, enabled him to take advantage of a farther opportunity of adding to his reputation. Another coalition against Napoleon, excluding Austria, but involving Prussia, had been supported by Great Britain. The French army left Paris, on the 25th of September, crossed the Rhine six days afterwards, and, on the 14th of October, deprived Prussia of her forces, her capital, and her fortresses, by the victories of Jena and Auerstadt. Napoleon then proceeded to gratify his hatred of Great Britain by issuing his Berlin decree, directing that the ports of Europe should be closed against her merchandise. As in the previous year, the *Times* intelligence was distinguished by priority. Not a week passed without its surprising the public and confounding other papers. The firing of the first shot, the battle of Jena and Auerstadt, the measures against British property, the occupation of Hamburg, the entry of the Prussians into Hanover, by which the indignation of the English people was powerfully excited, were among the events exclusively recorded in its columns. It was also the first to receive the *Moniteur* of October 26th, which gave the official documents relating to the unsuccessful negotiation for peace.

The march to the Niemen and the occupation of Portugal, did not find Mr. Walter reposing on his laurels. Perhaps his most remarkable achievement was an exclusive announcement of the battle of Friedland, on the 29th June, 1807. With the publication of this news a curious anecdote is associated. In a debate the same night, Canning indulged in some 'jokes and epigrammatic points'; and Dr. Laurence, Burke's valued friend, 'thought it very extraordinary that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs should adopt such a tone when he had read from the continent news so disastrous to our allies.' This being an allusion to the announcement in the *Times*, was received with a 'buzz of disapprobation.' It was unparliamentary to mention a newspaper in the House, except in the way of complaint. Mr. Walter's continued success may be ascribed in part to the fact that he had a correspondent at Altona since the spring.

The revival of the Catholic question produced a marked effect on the post-office officials. Apparently believing they had nothing to fear from a Tory administration, they became more extortionate than before. Loud and many were the complaints of those whose business had to be conducted in part by correspondence. Mr. Walter now determined to make use of the information he had acquired during the past two years; and on the 9th of May the *Times* pledged itself to detail, at the first convenient period, the abuses which had crept into the post-office. At the outset, however, it experienced a great reverse. It imputed to Freeling and Stanhope a criminality of which they were certainly guilty, but which, in the then state of the law of libel, could not be proved in a court of law. "We do not hesitate to say," it states, "that Mr. Freeling and Mr. Stanhope have countenanced this proceeding. We shall prove that the latter participates in the profits resulting from the same." Freeling and Stanhope saw instantly the advantage they had gained. Having regard to the pledge alluded to, they sought to throw discredit on the *Times* by convicting it of libel. The case was heard on the 7th of July, when Mr. Walter, following the advice of his counsel, allowed judgment to go by default, and agreed to insert a contradiction in his paper. As may be supposed, Messrs. Freeling and

Stanhope were exceedingly proud of their victory. Nor in their anxiety to let everybody hear of the same, did they show much regard for good faith. When, finding that the law was against him, Mr. Walter assented to an arrangement, he stipulated that it should be advertised in no other paper but the *Times*. The triumphant Freeling, however, sent the contradiction to all the newspaper offices, with the following note:

"Mr. Freeling presents his best compliments to Mr. —, and will be much obliged to him to insert the enclosed in a conspicuous part of his paper; and if Mr. — will take the farther trouble to let Mr. Freeling know the expense of the insertion, he will most thankfully and readily pay for it."

"Mr. Freeling is desirous that it may appear in the common type in which the — is printed; and he hopes Mr. — will pardon the liberty which Mr. Freeling has taken in addressing himself immediately to Mr. — on the subject."

"General Post Office, July 9." It was supposed that, rendered nervous by the action, Mr. Walter would abandon the resolution he had formed. The fact that three weeks passed without a word being said in the *Times* on the subject lent color to the idea. But those who entertained it misunderstood Mr. Walter's character. He was one of the last men in the world to forego a settled purpose. Moreover, as he had an interest in showing that he had really not been guilty of libel, he was no less anxious for publicity than Mr. Freeling. Warned by experience, Mr. Walter was careful this time to give nothing but a statement of facts, leaving his readers to draw their own conclusions. The thunderbolt—for such it may be truly termed—was launched on the 27th of July. That it created an extraordinary impression we may safely assume. The scandalous conduct of the post-office officials was placed in the clearest light.

The article occupied about four and a half columns—at that time more than a page of the paper. "In fulfilling our engagement," says the *Times*, "we are conscious of having acquitted ourselves of the moral guilt, though not of the legal penalty, of publishing a libel; and so far, no doubt we are essentially concerned. The country has a greater and more important interest at stake. If its information on national subjects is to be thus obstructed, withheld, and taxed, and that by its own servants, what reason can be given why a post-office *imprimatur* should not be attached to every piece of intelligence on occurrences of national concern—in everything that relates to the conduct of our allies, the distribution of our forces, the success of our arms, or the expenditure of our money, abroad? Can the Lord Chamberlain exercise a more despotic right with regard to the plays which are offered for general entertainment than is here assumed over all our foreign intelligence? But there is this difference between the two, that the conservation of public morals is supposed to result from the one, whilst absolute ignorance of all that is interesting is the consequence of the other."

But for the revival of the Catholic question, the matter would not have been permitted to rest here. Lord Grenville, as we find from letters to the Marquis of Buckingham, had suffered from the malpractices of the post-office clerks. In 1805, he writes: "I have recently had a hint of some transactions of Mr. Freeling or his principal which should put us on our guard." His successor evidently indifferent about such an instance of mismanagement made no sign; and many years elapsed before measures were taken to protect the public interest and property from injury. Nevertheless, the exposure in the *Times* was not without a beneficial effect. The clerks saw in it a proof that they were not quite so irresponsible as they had been led to imagine. Of Mr. Freeling, the principal actor in the drama now virtually played out, it is only necessary to add that he became a Knight or Baronet, and that in the inscription on his tomb we are told of "unblemished integrity, grounded on Christian principles." On reading this we are reminded of Byron's lines:

"When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
"Not what he was, but what he should have been."

The object with which these pages are written is attained. We had to show in what manner, and at what date, the accuracy and rapidity of foreign intelligence was secured by the employment of correspondents or agents abroad. Roger l'Estrange, in the prospectus of the *Public Intelligence* of 1663, spoke of "planting" correspondents; Steele, on introducing his *Tatler*, said that he had "settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world." Owing, however, to the poverty of and the want of enterprise in the press, it was reserved for the founder of the *Times* to substantially embody the idea; and the second Mr. Walter, as we have have seen, improved on what had been done so far as to make the correspondent a permanent institution. The other papers being constrained to follow the example, the foreign department of the English press assumed a new aspect, and Mr. Walter, justly enough, obtained the praise of having "imparted to journalism that vast range and celerity of information," which distinguished it at the period of his death, 1847. Nor was this the greatest service he rendered to the country. His energy of character, his proud superiority to party feeling, and, above all, his fearless independence, formed the principal lever which raised the English press to respectability and influence.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

"THE FAVORITE"

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"ALL SEE ABOUT IT."

Yes; that's what half the world is saying all the time. Mankind is very fond of "seeing about it;" any device, any plan for putting a matter off for a little while is willingly resorted to; and half the delays, and consequent vexations are caused by the fact that men fail to train themselves to habits of promptitude and decision, but rather encourage the practice of putting things off as long as possible. There are three classes of people who want to see about it: the first is the class who really never mean to "see about it" at all; who either have no opinion on the subject they are asked about or do not care to form one; the second class are those who have already thought about it, but lack the moral courage to express this opinion fearing it might give offense; the third class are those who have not examined the question at all and who really want a little time to look into it; they do mean to "see about it," and they generally do. The last is the only class worth much consideration; it is almost impossible for anyone to be always ready to decide on any subject which might be presented to him, and when a man is really not perfectly conversant with the matter he is asked about, he is quite right to take a little time for investigation and "see about it;" such a man generally does examine well into the subject and his opinion, advice, assistance—whatever he might have been asked for—is generally of some avail when granted.

"Seeing about it" is a very easy habit to get into and a very hard one to break. Somebody once said "never do to-day what you can conveniently put off 'till to-morrow;" because by to-morrow there may be some reason to prevent its being done at all; and this is the underlying principle of seeing about it. It is procrastination, the desire to put off everything as long as possible on the chance of its not being necessary to do it at all. It is just as easy to form a habit of promptitude and decision, as one of procrastination if we will only make up our minds to do it. Take every subject as it rises, every question of life as it occurs, and decide on the spot; unless there is some good reason for your wanting a little time for thought or consideration; you might make a few mistakes at first, but after a while you will find that you will be as often right as if you put the matter off as long as possible seeing about it.

BEHIND THE WIRES.

Did you ever stand in front of a cage containing a "Happy Family" at a menagerie, and think of how the wires keep the smaller animals in? The big animals, the bear, &c., do not care much about the wires, it is the large bars which keep them in, but the little monkeys, rabbits, &c., find the advantage of the wires by being kept within bounds and so re-

maining in the Happy Family. If it were not for the wires, the small animals would soon stray out, or be driven out of the cage, and the Happy Family would be broken up. So it is with Society. Are we not all wired in by social customs? Are we not all, little and great, in one great cage, where we are locked up to be happy? The fine wires which restrain the small mouse and the little monkey also keep in the great bear and the industrious beaver; and so the same social customs which restrain the dapper little dandy and the vulgar upstart, keep within bounds the great philosopher, the dreamy poet, and the noble-hearted philanthropist. This is not a hard state of affairs for the little creatures, the mice and dandies, for whose special protection the wires are woven so closely; they are not greatly troubled by restrictions which leave them plenty of room to skip about; indeed they might be supposed to rather like it, for were it not for the close wires these little animals could not live in the Happy Family at all. Even if they did not wish of their own free will to get out, some of the larger animals would push them through the bars were it not for the small wires which securely keep them in. So long as there is a Happy Family these little wires are very useful for the smaller members of it; but the large bodied animals in the menagerie cage, and the large souled people in Society's cage, have rather a doleful time of it; it is dull, weary work for them perpetually rubbing their noses against the small wires. If they cannot leave the cage altogether, they would at least like to see and be seen; they would like wider bars, and not so many small wires. It is hard for some natures to be restrained at all, but to be kept in by a small sieve-like curtain which seems dingier and more unsightly every time a new member is added to the collection is doleful indeed. But it would never do to arrange the cages to please the large animals only; provision must be made for the safe keeping of the little animals, and the wires of the menagerie cage keep them within bounds just as the wires of Social Custom keeps the little dandies and other small fry in their proper places in the cage of Society. It would never do to abolish the little wires as long as we have Happy Families either in a menagerie cage or in Society.

A TENNESSEE MICHAEL ANGLO!

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"An Italian artist in this place whose name is ———, and who was connected with the Mary Sharp College for many years as Professor of Painting, has a beautiful picture entitled 'The Holy Family,' representing Joseph, Mary and the young child Jesus, which was painted by Michael Angelo, and purchased in Italy many years ago by the Professor's father. The Professor now desires to sell the picture, and I write you this letter, at his request, to secure, if possible, your potent services in his behalf.

"The proposition which I am authorized to make you is this:

"If you will agree to assist the Professor in the disposal of the picture he will send it to you per express and defray all incidental expenses. He is willing for the best artists of New York, London, Paris, or Rome, to be consulted concerning its merits and its value, and he will agree to accept any price that he may consider reasonable.

"The Professor indulges the hope that your kindness of heart will prompt you to assist him in this matter.

If your "professor" has got a genuine Michael Angelo, he does not need to teach for a living. He has a moderate fortune. Why, one Raphael, or one Correggio, or one Murillo, or Titian, would buy a farm, build house and barn, fill the sty and stock yard, plant orchards, and in general set one up for life.

Michael Angelo sketched many designs for pictures, and several for pictures of Holy Families. But only one painting of a Holy Family is known, and that is in the gallery of the Uffizi, in Florence. His great works in painting were not easel pictures, but wall and ceiling frescoes. Indeed the "Holy Family" at Florence is the single and only well-authenticated picture of M. Angelo's known, though there are many by his disciples, painted from his designs.

The selection of Angelo's name for a wandering picture was unfortunate. Had it been the fruitful Raphael, or some of the Spanish school, whose religious pictures went over in great numbers to churches in South America, a prob-

ability might exist that a genuine picture of one or other of the masters had been found. Carlo Dolce littered pictures as if they were rabbits. It would excite no surprise among cognoscenti to find a Dolce going about the country in obscure hands.

But a M. Angelo!

But, even were this marvel true, why should it be sent to me? I am not a picture dealer. There is a very respectable body of men who devote their lives to a commerce of pictures. They buy and sell. They clean and repair. They can put a "Master" on the market with all the skill required to make it to be believed a "Master." It is a long and curious process. The number of "Masters" sold every year often surpasses the whole number ever painted, to take no account of those which are found in every gallery in Europe.

Bring up from the wilderness your Michael Angelo! If it is genuine, there will be little trouble. If it is doubtful, there exists vast resources in New York among the professional dealers to remove all doubts; or, what is the same thing, to sell it to some one who will have undoubting faith in its genuineness.

Oh, the number of "originals" which our eyes have been blessed with seeing in various homes of travelled gentlemen! Each one has his own marvellous story of how he, of all the earth, should have been so fortunate as to chance upon the rare thing! When men have slender resources of knowledge, but long and full purses, there is a special providence that takes charge of them, and directs their steps to certain marbles just dug up by Italian peasants in sinking a well, or digging a cellar! or brings them into a little old shop where a famous picture is hidden under dirt and smoke, which they smell out and secure for a tenth of its value!

Nobles come to them in strict confidence, saying that poverty compels them to part with heirlooms, long in their family, and at low rates for ready money! For the benefit of those who cannot go abroad, there is a providence at home that takes care of dupes, and brings to their door decayed gentlemen who have sold all things, still holding on to one precious picture, worth its weight in gold, a genuine Murillo, or a Claude, or Raphael, which now they must sell, and yet, such is their love for it, that, rather than throw it upon the market, to be seized by coarse hands, they will sell it to some one of taste, who will love and appreciate it, at half its value!

No. We cannot sell nor help to sell any Michael Angelo from Tennessee! Write to General Grant. Bring it before the committee that takes charge of art in Congress! Send it on to Schaus, to James, to Goupil, to ———, and they would rejoice to see a Michael Angelo all the way from Tennessee! But, for mercy's sake, don't send pictures, nor horses, nor books, nor manuscripts, nor deeds of lands and houses, to me, for sale! I never could sell anything. All the force of nature in me runs to buying. To buy—ah, there I am prosperous!—there the soul goes forth! But to sell! Alas! the earth is desolate; there is no man living that wants what I have to sell.

When I buy, the thermometer of value is at ninety degrees. It falls every day. The very wish to sell brings down the mercury to thirty-two degrees, and the sale touches zero! No—I will not help you sell the picture.—N. Y. Ledger.

LITERARY ITEMS.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR for February is out, and reflects greater credit upon the managers than any previously published. It contains an additional chapter of the serial story, "Side by Side," articles on "Music Books and Music Makers," "Violins," "How not to play the piano," "Poetic Taste," "Genius-Talent," and others worthy of general attention, and nine pages of good music, including one of Chopin's beautiful waltzes; while those who admire poetry and short stories are not forgotten.

SCRIBNER'S FOR MARCH.—The illustrated articles in Scribner's for March include an interesting description of "Life in the New Diamond Diggings" of South Africa; "Professor Morse and the Telegraph," with the only correct account of the sending of the first telegram, of which a fac-simile is given as well as a fac-simile of the first daguerreotype of the human face ever made in America; "Napoleon II, King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt," with several portraits of the son of the first Napoleon and curious particulars of his life; and "Folk-Life in German By-Ways" with a number of interesting pictures. In the present installment of Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," there is a description of a "revival" in a New England village, and "Aunt Flick," makes her first appearance. There are two good short stories, "The Woman who Saved me," by Fannie E. Hodson, and "A Ghost who Made Himself Useful," also a remarkable essay by Augustus Blauvelt entitled "Christ's Miracles Scientifically Considered." An anonymous paper on the late George P. Putnam presents an admirable analysis of the character of the late celebrated publisher. Mr. Stedman gives us some beautiful "Stanzas for Music," from an unfinished drama; and from George MacDonald we have another exquisite translation from Novallis. Dr. Holland, the editor, discusses in the "Topics of the Time" The Reading of Periodicals, Professional and Literary Incomes, and The Complicity of Justice With Crime. The Old Cabinet contains a notice of the recent Census, and some verses entitled "The Poet to His Poem." In Home and Society, Household Art, Co-operative House-

keeping, Ladies at Sea, Hyper-gentility, and the Games of Children and the Gambling of Men, are treated. The Departments of "Culture and Progress" and "Nature and Science," are as usual both instructive and entertaining, while in "Etchings" the artist has illustrated a tragic Winter's Tale.

Saxe Holm's many friends will be glad to learn that a new story by that writer will be commenced in Scribner's for April.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE cabmen of Berlin were on strike.

THE Liverpool Peace Society have held a meeting.

THE Carlists were said to be active and the army dissatisfied.

THE European Powers will protect Portugal from Spanish aggression.

THE Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland will oppose the Education Bill.

MR. PICHE, Q. C., is appointed Assistant Clerk of the House of Commons.

It is expected that 60,000 miners will resume work immediately in South Wales.

Two hundred men are at work on the Montreal and Ottawa Junction Railroad.

THE King of Portugal gave a farewell dinner to Amadeus, who leaves Lisbon for Italy.

THE Spanish Government will honor the financial engagements of the late monarchy.

BARON Falkenberg, Consul-General for Norway and Sweden, died at Quebec on Friday.

THE United States send a cargo of raw and manufactured products to the Vienna Exhibition.

THE forgeries perpetrated on the Bank of England will, it is said, amount to a million of dollars.

FAMILIES were still leaving Madrid and other cities to escape the threatened disturbances.

AN unusual phenomenon at Montmorency Falls this winter is the formation of three cones of ice.

THE London Telegraph says Russia will propose a Joint Commission to settle the boundary of Afghanistan.

A MADRID despatch says that one of the first acts of the constituent Cortes will be to proclaim emancipation in Cuba.

YUCATAN Indians had attacked Belize, which has led to a correspondence between the English authorities and Mexico.

THE Conservatives in England are organizing a strong opposition to the Government Educational Amendment Bill.

THE Brazilian Government has issued a decree permitting the free navigation of the Madeira, a tributary of the Amazon.

SOME reports represent the Carlist movement as increasing in power, while other accounts mention the defeat of insurgent bands.

It is expected that in the National Assembly both parties will call upon M. Thiers to declare distinctly the policy of his Government.

THE European powers maintain semi-official communication with Spain, but Russia does not favor a recognition of the present government.

COMMISSIONERS are now at work investigating the claims of citizens of the United States, for damages sustained through the civil war in Cuba.

A REQUISITION has been presented to Mr. Thibaudeau asking him to come forward as a candidate for Quebec County. Mr. Thibaudeau has not yet replied.

SWITZERLAND has recognized the Spanish Republic. Austria, with Germany and Russia, doubts if the government is sufficiently secure to entitle it to a full recognition.

SOME of the South American States have closed their ports against vessels coming from Brazil, in consequence of the prevalence of yellow fever on the coast of that country.

A REPROBITY treaty between the Sandwich Islands and the United States is spoken of; as also, the cession by the insular government of a portion of its territory lying adjacent to Pearl Bay.

PRESIDENT Grant calls the attention of Congress to that portion of the Washington Treaty which deals with the fisheries and other Canadian interests, and asks for legislation on the subject.

A REVOLT had broken out in the Russian provinces of Volhynia and Podolia, on the confines of Poland, and the insurgents, who had defeated a body of troops sent to oppose them, were committing fearful excesses.

THE Carlists were within three miles at Pampluna on 3rd inst., the fortified capital of Navarre. The garrison was small and threatened by internal enemies, and the re-inforcement which had been sent to them had deserted on the way.

SOME rioting occurred at the election in Quebec on 3rd inst., during which a polling booth was demolished, and the books destroyed; but the fighting does not appear to have been serious, the mob being overawed as it would appear by the display of military force.

A NEW bureau will be formed at Ottawa, under the direction of a Minister of the Interior, to have charge of Indian, Crown and Ordnance lands; and the two Secretarial departments, the Secretary of State's and the Secretary for the Provinces, will be merged into one.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.
ON THE ROAD.

It was a day early in November, and the eddying leaves danced, and fluttered, and jumped about in that peculiarly aimless manner that dried fallen leaves seem to indulge in before resigning themselves to be trodden down with the mud and refuse of the earth.

Not unlike the autumn leaves, in her frantically irrational actions, was the woman—girl I might almost call her—that walked with such evident pain and difficulty over the bleak Lancashire moor.

Her face was alarmingly, deadly pale; and you wondered, as your eye rested upon her, how she could still go on, and why she did not yield to the pressure of circumstances, and sink down under her sufferings.

Perhaps she would have succumbed, if some great terror and excitement had not urged her forward.

Although her cheek was so ghastly pale, there was a light in her dark eyes like that of a hunted animal pursued by its tormentors.

Every now and again she would glance behind her fearfully, and then, satisfied she was not pursued, would toil on once more, her teeth fastened on her bloodless lip so fiercely that it was almost severed by the bite.

Very beautiful, even in her terror, pain, and agony, was that solitary girl, and the thick veil which she pulled over her face as she approached the grim, smoky town, could not entirely hide it.

She is in the town, at least, with its constant whirl of machinery and buzz of human life.

Her journey is ended, or would be if she had a home to go to; but she has none.

Homeless among so many homes; alone and friendless among thousands, she stops and pauses as she reaches the side of the canal, and leans heavily on a wooden rail, as though life and strength were ebbing away.

To many in her condition the calm, deep waters would have been a welcome refuge from the pain, sin, and misfortune that had already darkened her young life.

But this was not the case with her.

Life, even now, was very precious, and the bare thought of death had a nameless terror for her.

A slight pause, which seemed to rest and refresh her.

Then she thrust her hand into her pocket, and took from it her purse.

It contained but two pence, and she shivered as she remembered it was all she possessed in the world.

Suddenly she remembered the ring on her finger, a plain gold band, which would imply that, young as she was, she had been married. "I have that left," she muttered; "and I shall be well rid of it; well rid of every trace of the past. Yes, I will go and sell it if I can."

The mills and factories were all alight this evening; it was not yet time for the hands to leave their work; and the girl made her way into the town, along the streets, and, at length, coming to a silversmith's and pawnbroker's entered the shop, offering her ring for sale.

"Want to sell it or only pledge it?" asked the man behind the counter, trying to get a glance at her face under its thick veil.

"Sell it," was the brief reply.

But, even in those two words it could be noticed that her speech was soft and refined, unlike that of the Lancashire lasses that usually favoured the shop with their presence.

About the possession of a wedding-ring there could scarcely be much question, and yet the suspicious shopman weighed and examined it minutely, reading the words engraved inside it in old English—

"I like my choice."

His examination was over at last, and, gladly taking the ten shillings which the man offered

her for the ring, the girl once more went out into the street.

"Ten shillings to start in life with!" she muttered bitterly. "Never mind, fortunes have been made upon less. I can get food and lodging; to-morrow I shall know better what to do."

But, the next question was, where should she go for the food and shelter she so terribly stood in need of?

Even while she paused and hesitated, a bell rang, and a stream of women poured out of the mill near which she was standing, like a colony of ants let loose upon the street.

In a moment they had surrounded the shrinking girl.

Many passed on with rough, rude, yet not ill-natured jests, while one or two paused, asking, in their Lancashire dialect, which of the chaps she was waiting for.

"They are women," thought the girl, "and perhaps, rough and rude as they are, some of them might help me."

"It's a way they've got," she added by way of apology. "They don't mean nort by it."

Ten minutes' walk brought the two girls to a row of cottages, with a little wooden railing and gate fencing off the four or five yards of ground which was termed a garden.

Moll led the way up to the door, the handle of which she turned, and without further ceremony entered, calling on the stranger to follow her.

It was a humble place, one of the dwellings of the industrious poor; there was no passage, and the front door led straight into the room, which served, with a smaller one beyond, for Moll Arkshaw's bed and living room.

Small as it was, the room was anything but badly furnished, for Moll made good wages at the mill, and having only herself to maintain, managed to surround herself with certain comforts, even luxuries.

There was a piano there, old, cracked, and

ed stranger; her face became, if possible, a shade more ghastly; she staggered, clutched at a chair for support, and would have fallen if Moll's strong arm had not caught her.

"Poor thing, she's nigh clemmed," said Moll, as she laid the half fainting girl on the sofa, and then rapidly, with her own grimy hands, she made a strong cup of tea and poured a good dose of brandy into it. "Here, drink this, lass," she said kindly, holding it to the lips of the stranger; "thee's gone too long w/out eating, lass; thee shouldst never do that. There, drink it all down, it'll do thee good; and, Jem, put that mite o' bacon in the pan and fry it, and there's some tatoes too; quick, lass, don't thee see the wench is sick for't?"

Jem obeyed; not cheerfully, however. She objected to interlopers, to begin with, and even in the few minutes they had been together, she had imbibed a rooted dislike to the fair stranger.

It might have been that the glance of horror and repulsion which her own misshapen form

had inspired in the new comer, had been seen and comprehended by her; or perhaps it was envy, and the consciousness of the vast difference between her own distorted limbs and those so beautifully moulded in the being before her; or it was one of those instinctive dislikes, which, without being able to explain, we sometimes feel; be this as it may, Jemima, or Jem, as she was more generally called, felt, from the first moment of their meeting, that she hated Moll's new protégée; and though she cooked the bacon and got everything ready as desired, there was a certain surly unwillingness about her service that Moll could not fail to notice.

"What be it, lass?"

she asked, when, having attended to the wants of her guest, and left her in the arm-chair, her feet on the fender, and with a faint tinge of colour warming up her previously pale cheek, she had gone into the bedroom to wash and make some change and improvement in her toilette; "what be it?" she continued. "Thee beest as awkward as a pig."

"I don't like her," was the reply, with a bob of her head in the direction of the front room; "she's a bad un, I'm sartin on it. Dost a think, with her carying face, she'll no go to work thee mischief?"

"Out on ye, Jem, thou'rt awlus croaking. The wench can't help her face. She's a poor creature, whether she's good or bad, and I'd no be so mean as to think

whether a lass be handsome or ugly when she's in want of a bite or a sup. Handsome is as handsome does, says I, and now thou canst tak' thee supper as spry as thee likes, and go home to the gran'mother."

A hint which, if it did not satisfy Jem's mind, at least silenced her grumblings; and half an hour afterwards, the two women, whom fate had so singularly thrown together, were alone.

What a very uncomfortable thing it would be if our hearts and brains were kept in glass cases, or at least with such a transparent covering that lookers-on could read our inmost thoughts and motives.

That night Moll Arkshaw lay in her bed, and dreamed of the bright blue satin dress she was going to buy herself before Christmas, and of how Willie Graham said she was the bonniest lass in Oldham, and much more, that it scarcely concerns us at the present time to tell.

And her companion, the wanderer, Florence Carr?

What were her thoughts and dreams?

Not pleasant, I can assure you; neither would you care to dream them yourself.

Perhaps it was the creation of a fevered brain. Who can tell?

But in her dreams that night there was a vision of death, destitution, disgrace, despair, and aimless, hopeless wandering, and then a fit of trembling and horror came, and she awoke with a start to find the moonlight streaming in upon her face, and her companion breathing loudly, yet sleeping peacefully the refreshing slumber that succeeds a day of toil, undisturbed by the restless creature by her side.

Was it anything more than a dream you ask? I cannot tell.

If it was, you will hear more of it as we proceed.



"I DIDN'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN YOU," SAID FRANK GRESHAM.

Then she said aloud—

"Can any of you tell me where I can get a cheap lodging and work to do? I am a stranger in Oldham, and am poor and tired, but I can pay for all I have, if any of you will tell me a respectable place to go to."

Though there were several women around her, there were three in particular whom she seemed to appeal to, and one of them, a fine, handsome, strapping woman of eighteen or twenty, said, kindly enough, though her voice sounded harsh and broad—

"Poor wench, thee looks nigh clemmed; come along with me, I'll gie thee a rest and a sup. My name's Moll Arkshaw; what be yourn?"

"Florence Carr," was the reply.

"Florence, well, that's pretty; don't think much o' Carr, but that's nort. Come along with me, supper 'll be ready, and my teeth be like scissors, I'm that hungry."

So saying, Moll Arkshaw took the stranger's arm in her own, and walked on, her thick wooden clogs sounding noisily by the side of her companion's more gentle footfall.

"Just like Moll," said the women around, in no undertone; "she'll be tooked in yet, take my davy to it. How do she know who the wench be? Some bad un, na doubt, or she wouldna be in the streets alone with na kith or kin w/ her."

All this, and much more to the same effect fell upon the ears of the two girls as they walked on arm and arm.

But the industrious bees, male or female either, that worked in Gresham's factory were not in the habit of clothing their ideas in fine sentences, or repressing an opinion, however unpalatable it might be to the listener.

"Never mind them," whispered Moll, as she felt her companion shiver and wince under the rough jests that were made at their expense.

considerably out of tune it might be, yet there it stood.

A sofa and stuffed arm chair stood there by the bright coal fire, and the square of bright carpet which covered the middle of the room was scarcely in character or keeping with the large wooden clogs, checked bedgown, and bright, though coarse plaid shawl which Moll wore.

As I have said, a fire burned brightly in the grate, the kettle sang on the hob, and a small, clean, white cloth, with plates and knives and forks, lay on the table.

No candle or lamp had been lighted, and by the dancing, ruddy light of the fire, you would scarcely notice, to begin with, that the room had now a third occupant.

"Eigh lass, where are you?" said Moll, as she closed the door after her companion. "Come, get the supper ready; we be nigh clemmed, we be."

In obedience to the voice, a figure which had lain on the hearthrug, crouched there like a dog, stirred itself, and it appeared, rose to its feet, though its height, when standing, reached very little above the table.

"Who'st got thar?" asked a shrill voice from the small figure, and yet with nothing childish in its tones.

"A poor wench as is goin' to bide with me. Come, be spry, Jem. We want our supper, but light the candle fast."

The creature addressed as Jem obeyed, lighting a candle, and then thrusting it with more decision than politeness almost into the visitor's face.

"Looks white enough; not up to much," she muttered, with evident disapprobation, as she put the candlestick upon the table with a bang.

But the warm room, the consciousness that her wanderings were for the time ended, was telling on the frame of the weary and exhaust-

CHAPTER II.
AT WORK.

Gresham's factory, or cotton mill, was one of the largest of the kind in Oldham.

It was a new building, erected by the present owner, built in an imposing style of architecture, and fitted up with the most modern improvements.

Frank Gresham, the owner of this establishment, was uncommonly like his mill, if a man can, in any possible manner, be like a huge stone building.

The cotton mill was large and magnificent in proportions, so was the cotton spinner; somewhat loud both of them were apt to be, but this is a failing which is not uncommon to persons and things of the kind.

As you looked at the mill, you could not but feel that its owner must be a man of substance; and as you looked at the man, he inspired you with the consciousness of his pockets being lined with gold.

Twenty-eight years of age, measuring six feet in his stockings, with a bright, florid complexion, widely-opened blue eyes, and dark brown hair, with a decided inclination to curl; such was Frank Gresham at the time my story opens.

He was better educated than many of his class, moneyed men though they were, for he and his brothers had been to Rugby, and acquired a good deal of the polish of gentlemen, in addition to certain wild and extravagant habits, and certain rascally friends and acquaintances, which latter he would, without doubt, have been quite as well without.

In theory he and his brother lived with their widowed mother, though I am afraid that not more than two days and nights out of the seven saw Frank, at least, under the maternal roof.

Not that his mother fretted, or, as she expressed it, "fashed" herself upon the subject.

"Young men would be young men," she said; and, as there was no denying this self-evident assertion, and no one else need complain if she did not, the matter was accepted and admitted as proved.

If the proclivities of other young men, however, were like those of Frank Gresham, one would imagine they would be somewhat of a nuisance to their friends and acquaintances.

In designing and building the mill he had certain rooms set aside for his own private use; and as, when finished, these were furnished and fitted up with every imaginable comfort and luxury, it was scarcely surprising that he should spend a great portion of his time there.

The stream which supplied the mill with water likewise afforded some good fishing; and this gave an excuse for fishing parties, which invariably finished up with a night of drunken debauchery.

Sometimes, awaking from the delirious stupor into which he had fallen, Frank Gresham would dream and long for a higher, nobler life, and even promise himself that he would seek it; but the resolution dwindled with the first temptation to forget it, and the resolve of the morning faded like a mist before midnight.

Of course he did not bear a good character.

Perhaps he would not have done so had he deserved it better than he did; but, as it was, his bachelor parties, as he called them, usually ended in such a debauch that it would be desirable to discreetly draw a curtain over the whole scene.

It was about a fortnight after that night on which Moll Arkshaw had taken Florence Carr to her home, that some friends of Gresham's, coming to Oldham, had expressed a desire to go over his mill and look at the details of it.

The cotton-spinner, proud of his property, accompanied them in their tour through the building; and, in doing so, came upon two girls whose faces puzzled and haunted him.

One was Moll Arkshaw.

He had seen her before, paid her sundry compliments, and been slightly mortified at the coolly indifferent manner in which they had been received.

Her companion, however, was a stranger to him; pale, as though from recent illness, yet beautiful, despite her lack of color, and with large, soft, grey velvety eyes, that glanced shyly, half lingeringly upon him.

She was not very clever at her work; his practised eyes could see that; and her small, delicate white hands were evidently as unused as they were unsuited to the task they were attempting.

"Who is that lass?" he asked of the overseer, when they had passed the girls.

"Her name's Carr. Moll Arkshaw brought her. Us wanted hands, so Starrs took her on; but she beant' much good, no how."

"Don't send her away, good or bad," was the reply; and then the master went on, while a look of cunning comprehension settled for a moment on the man's face.

The new hand had not failed to notice the lingering glance of admiration that her employer, whom she had not seen before, cast upon her, and a faint blush for a moment tinged her cheek, as a daring idea entered her scheming brain.

Already she was getting tired of the hard work, early rising, plain fare, and altogether rough, laborious life, to which she had previously been a stranger.

And though her gratitude at gaining even the shelter of Moll Arkshaw's humble home was at first great, the feeling was beginning to wear out, and with recovered health and strength old desires and old feelings were reasserting their sway.

She required looking after this day at her

work more than she had done before, for her thoughts every now and then wandered away.

Her fingers were more than once in danger of taking the place of the thread she was spinning, and coming to grief, and but for the master's very positive orders, I am sadly afraid that Florence Carr would have been peremptorily sent about her business, or told that she need not come to work again.

More than once, as she raised her eyes, she saw that Moll Arkshaw was looking at her doubtfully, even a little curiously.

And then she would shake herself, and with an effort force her mind back to the work and scene before her.

The next day, Frank Gresham again visited the part of the mill in which the two pretty girls were working.

This time he was alone, and he stopped to speak to them.

Florence was evidently still a novice at her work, and the young cotton-spinner, with apparent kindness, paused to show her how to do what she was about more easily and rapidly.

In doing so, by accident it seemed, their fingers met, and a hot thrill tingled through the veins of the young man, while a warm, delicate blush made the face he bent over absolutely beautiful.

"Take care what thee's about," said Moll, when the girls went back to their dinner that day. "Young Gresham be a bad un with the lasses, and a wench's good name beant' worth much as is seen with him."

"Don't be alarmed! I can take care of myself," was the reply.

And then the subject dropped, though Jem, who overheard it, opened her black, bead-like eyes knowingly, and pricked up her ears like a cur scenting mischief.

I don't think I have described this girl.

She was a character in her ways, and plays no unimportant part in the story I am relating.

Like most of the children of both sexes in the manufacturing districts, she had been sent to work at the mill at as early an age as the Factory Act would allow, and by one of the accidents that are of but too frequent occurrence, had been injured by the machinery to such an extent, that her life was for a long time despaired of.

Life was not easily crushed out of the small frame, however, and she recovered at last—recovered her health, though not her physical strength, and with so misshapen a body, that it was absolutely painful to look at her.

Her right hand had been rendered completely useless also, consequently her labor at the mill was ended.

Moll Arkshaw engaged her now, as other mill-girls had done before, to keep her little house clean and tidy, and to do the small amount of cooking that was necessary for her comfort.

For this, the poor cripple had her own food, and a shilling a week, besides any cast-off clothing which Moll might have to spare.

She slept, I can scarcely say lived, with an old woman, uglier and almost as deformed as herself, whom she called "Granny," and whose avocation as a fortune-teller was, like most illegal callings, extremely profitable, so long as the eye of the law did not notice it.

The old woman was called a "white witch," and supposed to work her spells and magic by the aid of good spirits, though one could scarcely admire the taste of the good spirits who voluntarily obeyed her behests.

Many of the mill-girls, however, placed a great amount of faith in her predictions, and, which was much more to the old dame's satisfaction, paid their sixpences and shillings very willingly for the small glimpses of the future which she was pleased to unfold.

The evening of the same day as that on which Moll's warning to the woman to whom she had given a home had been addressed, Jem returned from her work somewhat earlier than usual, and at once, without being told to do so set about getting the old woman's supper ready.

When it was done, the fortune-teller raised her piercing eyes to the deformed girl's face, asking in a hoarse, croaking tone—

"Well, what does ta want?"

"A charm," was the reply.

The hag burst into a mocking laugh which subsided at length into something like a shriek, as she said—

"A charm to make thee lovely."

The cripple bore the taunt patiently; she was used to it.

Even the boys in the streets called her "Ugly," "Dot and go one," the "Dell's spawn," and similar complimentary appellations, and she made no comment now—did not indeed seem to resent the old woman's mocking derision.

"No, it's to make one as is bonny enough wish hersen ugly as aw be," was the viciously savage reply.

The chrone laughed and chuckled again.

"Thee'd want more nor a charm for that, aw reckons," was the reply; "but bring her tome, and then aw'll tell thee what aw'll do."

"Ah, but aw can't bring her; she's the wench as lives w' Moll Arkshaw, and Gresham the spinner's been looking arter her. Aw heerd Moll warn her agin him."

"Eigh then, lass, thee's no call to fash theesel. If he's arter her, she'll come to the bad fast enough, w'out any help o' thine."

"Ah dinna knaw," replied the cripple doubtfully; "she's uncommon bonny, and she's stuck up w' pride and vanity too. Aw'll no go to be sartin she'll no be a match for the spinner."

"Hoot, lass, the spite's making a fule on yo'. Frank's o'Meary's bin one o' the worst lads in Owdham for ruining the character of a lass, an' he'll do't now, an' he's set his mind on't."

The subject of this conversation was walking alone in one of the principal streets, looking at the goods displayed in some of the shop-windows, when a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and a voice said—

"Good evening, lassie."

So unexpected was the greeting that she started, uttered a low cry of terror, and for the moment seemed as though she would run away had she only the power left to do so.

"How timid you are. I didn't mean to frighten you," said the young man who had accosted her, and whom she now recognised as Frank Gresham, or as he was usually called in Oldham, "Frank's o'Meary's," Mary being his mother's Christian name.

"You did startle me," she replied, looking at him with her soft, lingering eyes.

"Are you going for a walk?" was the next question.

"No, I am going home," was the reply.

"And where may that be? You're too pretty to be out late alone."

"Who'd take any notice of a mill-girl?" she asked with a dash of bitterness, and with a voice and accent singularly unlike any other mill-girl he had ever met with.

"But you've never been in a mill before," observed her questioner.

"I'm in one now, unless you intend to dismiss me," was the cautious reply.

"You're not one of these parts, are you?" continued the young man.

"No; I don't speak like the people here."

"You didn't tell me where you lived," he went on.

"Didn't I? It's no secret; I live with Moll Arkshaw, at Gretty's Cottages. And now I must go."

"Let me walk with you," he said, keeping close to her side.

"Thank you, no," she said, firmly, and pausing for a moment. "I prefer going alone. Good night, sir."

And the next moment she had turned away, and was walking at a rapid pace in the direction of her home.

"Well, I never," muttered the young man, as he watched her retreating figure. "She's the first that ever said No to me. And what a spanker she is! But she'll change her tune yet, and No shall mean Yes before I've done with her."

CHAPTER III.

"SAX GALS AND ONE BOY."

An afternoon in Manchester, early in October, with the rain coming down with a settled purpose, bringing as many soots as drops upon all it touched, making the streets look like a calm sea of mud, and the large buildings as though they were in mourning for their best and dearest.

Such was the time, and such the brilliant auspices under which I would ask you to accompany me to the studio of Edwin Leinster, the portrait-painter.

In one of what seemed the dingiest streets on this dingy day, though in the best part of the city, we shall find him, if you can mount three flights of stairs with me.

Rather high up in the world, with the view of innumerable stacks of chimneys and the dull, leaden sky overhead, a young man stands, palette and brush in hand, working though without much apparent spirit or enthusiasm, on the canvas before him.

Looking at his fair, handsome face, you see genius stamped upon it.

You see it in the broad, square brow, the deep blue eyes, the firm though sensitive mouth and chin, while his well-cut nose, and flowing, fair hair, almost golden in its tint, proclaim him also the possessor of singularly fascinating beauty.

His heart is not in his work to-day, for a strange idea has entered his head—the idea of painting the likeness of a dead person.

Though death must come to every one of us, there is a certain dread and fascination about the presence of the King of Terrors that none can altogether shake off or withstand, and Edwin Leinster forgot his present occupation in speculating how he should paint the portrait of the dead, if such a commission were ever entrusted to him.

"I should have to see the face and take a cast of it," he thought; "put some cotton-wool in the nostrils, smear it over with oil, bind a cloth round it, and then pour upon it liquid plaster of Paris. Yes, that is the way I have been told it is done, but it is a commission I would rather not be called upon to execute. I far prefer painting from the living than from the dead."

And he shivered with all a woman's nervous shrinking at the thought of contact with the dead.

A quarter of an hour passed, and the artist roused himself from his morbid speculations, and tried to take advantage of the last hour of daylight—one might almost call it a Manchester light—remaining by making something like progress with his painting.

Not that there was any great pressure of work upon him.

He was young, almost unknown, and though his terms were extremely moderate, his commissions were few; and this portrait upon which he was engaged was the last piece of work which he had in the place.

It was not the lack of patronage that made him dull this afternoon, so much as the depressing weather and his own gloomy thoughts, and it was with a decided feeling of relief and pleasure that having, in reply to a rap at his door, desired the visitor to "come in," he rose to welcome Mr. John Howard, whose full length portrait he had finished to the satisfaction of all parties, some three months previously.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Howard. How are you to-day?" said the artist heartily.

"Oh, aw's reet enough, thankee, mon," was the reply, as the visitor took the chair.

"And what news have you at Oldham?" continued Edwin.

Mr. Howard resided at Oldham—was, as he would have expressed it, an "Oldham mon," and was somewhat given to silence.

"Ar'n't got none," was the laconic answer.

"Horrible weather, isn't it?" continued the artist, wondering what made his visitor so much more taciturn and unwilling to speak than usual, and also what brought him there.

"Na, the weather's good enough. I likes it moist, the rain does a body good."

"Then I hope you are satisfied," replied his companion laughing. "For my part I detest the rain; it seems to get into my very bones, and the soots come down upon and blacken everything."

"Eigh, mon, but it's wholesome muck. But come, be spry, mon, I'se goin' to take yo' with me."

"Take me with you—where?"

"Where? To Owdham, to be sure, mon."

"But what am I to go to Oldham for?" was the natural inquiry.

"To paint a pictur'," was the laconic response.

"To paint a picture! Whose picture?" asked the surprised artist.

"Thee'll knaw when thee gets thar," was the brief reply.

"But it is getting dark. I can't paint at night; besides, who or what am I to come to paint?"

"Well, I s'pose you mun knaw it sooner or later," was the slowly-uttered retort. "It's to paint the pictur' of a boy, and the boy's dead!"

"How singular!" exclaimed the young man.

"I was only thinking, as you came in, that I might have to paint the portrait of a dead person."

"Aw knaw nawt o' thee thoughts, mon, but aw come to tak' yo' to Owdham, and yo' mun come. Train starts in half an hour, so thee'dst best be spry."

"Very well; I must get some things ready, but I will not be long."

And so saying, the young man proceeded to divest himself of his painting coat, or tunic, for he was something of a dandy in his way, pack up brushes, paints, etc., and then observing that, when he had visited a modeller's for certain necessary materials, he should be ready, went out with his companion, locking the door behind him.

I fancy that Mr. Howard must have had the notion in his head that his companion intended to escape from him, otherwise he would never have followed him so closely, refusing to let him out of his sight a single moment.

The preparations were made, however, the train caught, and the eight miles between Oldham and Manchester travelled over.

Daylight, which had been dying away, took its departure for that day, at least, by the time the artist and his companion arrived in Oldham.

"Who is the man whose son's portrait I have to paint?" asked Edwin Leinster, as the train was bearing them on.

"He's a spinner—got plenty o' brass. If yo' does the work well, he'll pay yo' fort."

With this brief reply the artist had to be satisfied.

The mills in the town were all lighted up brilliantly as the two travellers entered it, and Howard walked along by the side of his companion, practically declining to converse with him, by replying to all his questions in monosyllables, or flatly refusing to give any answer at all.

He stopped, at length, before a house, close to and almost by the side of a mill, which was one of the smallest in the town.

Though the mill was well lighted, the house was dark, as though silence and death reigned within it.

"There it is," said Howard, pausing before the garden gate, and pointing to the front door. "I said I'd bring yo' here, an' I've kep' my word; now tak' thee own chance. That's thy way, here's mine."

"But won't you come in and introduce me?" asked the artist, feeling slightly embarrassed.

"Na; thee's got a tongue in thee head, arn't thee?"

"Yes; but I don't even know the name of the man that wants me."

"Don't yo'? Then his name's Garston, William Garston, or 'Bill o' Jenny's,' as he's called hereabouts. Now yo' can tak' yo'r way and knock at the door. Good night, lad!"

And without further adieu he was gone.

By no means relishing the task of introducing himself, yet having come so far, and seeing no means of escape, Edwin Leinster walked up the garden path, and knocked at the front door.

He had lifted his hand to repeat the summons, when the door was noiselessly opened by a girl holding a candle in her hand.

"Is Mr. Garston in?" inquired the artist.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you tell him I have come from Manchester to see him? My name is Leinster."
 "Yes, sir; come this way."
 And so saying, the girl led him to the end of the passage, opened a door, ushered the visitor in, then closed it upon him, carrying away the candle, and leaving him in total darkness.

Stumbling against a chair, the artist took a seat upon it, and waited, momentarily expecting the return of the girl, or entrance of the master of the house.

Fully five minutes must have passed like this, and five minutes to a man in the dark is very apt to seem little less than an hour.

Still no one came, and the young artist was just wondering whether there was a bell-rope in the room, or if his arrival had been forgotten, when a half-smothered sob from a distant corner of the apartment fell upon his ear.

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S MEMORIES.

Rememberest thou at eventide,

The hour when shadows come and go,

How flitting phantoms seemed to glide

Before our eyes? We'd whisper low

With bated breath, 'twixt dark and light—

Hand clasped in hand, though naught to fear;

'Twas 'make believe,' a mere feigned fright,

To bring our fond hearts still more near.

Dost mind thee also of the moon,

Whose light dispelled and drove away

Those fitful nothings all too soon,

And left no cause for more delay?

But when that night-owl shines so clear

From 'neath the clouds, we'll still believe

As ever, 'tis good fortune near.

The moon will not such friends deceive.

So thus in fancy we can dwell

On scenes once dear and ever new,

Revived by memory, pictured well,

Impressed on hearts that must be true.

THE SEWING-MACHINE MAN.

"There!" said Mrs. Hall, as the sewing-machine came down with a thump and stopped; "I've broken my needle. Do go and get me one, Carrie, and hurry back."

"Well," said the young girl addressed, "I will consent to make myself useful to that extent for once;" and putting on her hat she made her way to the principal dry-goods store in the village. The proprietor came forward to meet her, and, after exchanging the courtesies of the day, he said:

"Miss Moffat, won't you come and look at these new sewing-machines?—Mr. Sanderson, come here, please.—Miss Moffat, this is the agent for them, and I hope he will persuade you to buy one."

Mr. Sanderson was a very handsome young man of the Italian type, and his hair, said Carrie to herself, was as black as midnight, and his eyes shaded on a dark blue, and his voice—oh! oh! oh! his voice!—it was as soft and clear as the notes of a flute, and dulcified the discordant whirr of the wheel and the monotonous motions of the treadle, and—well—yes—she thought she would take a sewing-machine—no, this one—this was the prettiest—if Mr. Doyle didn't think pa would mind. Mr. Doyle didn't think pa would mind. He would undertake to make that all right with pa. And how about learning it? Oh, that would be all right too. Mr. Sanderson, the agent, always taught the purchaser, and any hour that Miss Moffat would name. Ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Very well. Mr. Sanderson would be punctual.

When Carrie left the store Mr. Sanderson pulled his moustache thoughtfully, and thought he had never seen so pretty a girl; and he had traveled "some."

"I've bought a sewing-machine," said Carrie, bursting into the room where Mrs. Hall was patiently waiting her return.

"But I only told you to buy a needle," she answered. "I didn't say to bring it in the machine."

"Oh! your needle! I forgot all about it. I bought this machine for myself."

"But why, when you could use mine?"

"I don't know. I never felt attracted toward yours. This is a pretty one, with an agent."

"Oh! I see. Young?"

"The machine?"

"No, the man."

"Yes, indeed. You should just see him; he is splendid—regularly stylish for a sewing-machine man. Such a dead white skin, blue-black hair! Do you think pa would mind the expense?—for I never stopped to think of that."

But pa thought of it, and pa minded it, though he said nothing when told of it, and patted his willful little daughter on the head, and told her he hoped she would learn to work well, as it might come useful; but he didn't envy the young man the task of teaching her.

"Old man Moffat," as he was called, was born of parents who were among the first settlers around a certain fort, which gradually grew into a city, though, even at the present writing, a very small one. He kept the only hotel in the place for many years of his life, and was happy and affluent. When Carrie was about ten years old his wife died, and Mrs. Hall undertook his housekeeping. But his fortunes even then were on the wane. He had a paralytic stroke. Another hotel was opened, and took away the major part of his custom. He became negligent when all the luck seemed against him, took to drink, and every thing "went to the bad." The

only one ignorant of the real state of affairs was the one, next to himself, most interested in them—namely, his daughter. She was brought up in idleness and indulged in every whim.

The sewing-machine man was punctual not only on the first day, but for many days after. Somehow it took a long time to teach Carrie—not that she was slow to learn. No, no. He, Sanderson, told her over and over again that she had learned more rapidly than any lady he had ever taught, and he had been agent for the great

S. M. Co., for five years, and in that time he had traveled "some." Then Carrie said that he said that just to encourage her. He became earnest, and assured her that he was incapable of untruth; that in his pure presence falsehood would turn into truth as if struck by a fairy's magic wand. Mrs. Hall was deep in her house-keeping duties, for "old man Moffat" left her to find out if a woman could keep a hotel, knowing by experience that it isn't every man who can, and she couldn't play watch-dog to Carrie; so the young people were left to themselves. There were so many things to learn. For at least a week Carrie sat with her arms folded, working the treadle with her feet. That was the first thing to learn, Mr. Sanderson said. This gave them opportunity to converse. And if you had seen them just separated by the machine, you would almost have thought them Romeo and Juliet on the balcony, especially when Mrs. Hall, like the old nurse, popped her head in at the door, which she did occasionally the first week or two just for the sake of appearances. Then, again, so many accidents happened. If the wheel started well, which it seldom did, the work was wrong, or the tension, or the spool gave out, or the thread snapped, or the stuff puckered, or the needle broke, or the stitches were so big you could lift 'em with a pitchfork, or the pesky thing got so heavy it had to be oiled, and then Carrie got the oil all over her dress or the work. Sometimes the "old" machine acted just as if it had sense, and worked like a charm. Again it was as contrary as Mary whose garden wouldn't grow. On such occasions the sewing-machine man would unscrew the whole thing, and Carrie thought he never could get it together again; but he did, and to show her that it was uninjured he stitched yards and yards just as quick as lightning, and worked her initials and his, and flowers, and quilted and hemmed, and embroidered and tucked, and gathered and ruffled, and felled and frilled, and one day, as the crowning act of high art, he made—love!

And then Carrie, who mentally owned that she had flirted with him, got angry, and asked him what she had ever done to lead him to suppose that he might speak to her of love. Being a young fellow of spirit who had traveled "some," he fired up in his turn, and told her that he never should have spoken if she had not given him the most marked encouragement. "And you know you did," he added, in conclusion.

Being only a sewing-machine man, and not Chesterfield, and wounded and angry, he did not stop to pick his words. No sooner said than she replied, "I didn't."

"Oh, you didn't, didn't you? Very well, then, you didn't. Far be it from me to contradict a lady, especially one whom—one whom—I have loved so—so tenderly." Finding himself softening, he seized his hat and dashed out of the room, firing a parting shot at the door. "And when I am gone—forever perhaps you will repent this, Miss Moffat. Good-bye—forever!"

The clock struck four as he closed the door with a slam it would have been called had it been a woman; but no man has ever yet been accused of slamming a door, and I dare not—no, I dare not—be the first to do it. The sound of his retreating footsteps echoed along the passage. Carrie started up, and faltered out in a faint voice, "Ge-or-ge!" and listened eagerly.

No reply from George; sound of footsteps cease; little foolish girl puts her hand to her heart as if to ascertain if it is still there or gone with him. Finding the thumping and hurrying, she sank into a chair and sobbed, "Oh, he's gone! Nothing is left me now but to die an old maid. Well, better that than a hideous, horrid sewing-machine man. I hate him—I despise him."

Then she went to the glass. In whatever stage of sentiment or passion, a woman, young or old, goes to the glass—fortunately a less harmful one than men go to. Clock, ten minutes after four. She exclaims to her reflection, tragically, "Henceforth I am alone for evermore!"

A knock at the door; but the despised is too quick for her, and catches her "fixing" her hair. He appears not to see it, and with an effective blending of sorrow and respect in his manner, remarks, in oh! oh! oh! that voice, "Excuse me, Miss Moffat, but I forgot my umbrella;" going to a corner and getting it, taking his time about it too, be it observed.

OFFENDED ONE (toquiter). "Like Paul Pry."

THE DESPISED (a little nettled, but trying to keep his temper). "Yes, and still further like Paul Pry, I hope I don't intrude?"

Offended one edges over to the sofa and gives the despised just half a look. That's enough. He drops hat and umbrella, forgetting his recent solicitude about the latter article, and charges upon her with such impetuosity that, thrown off her balance, she drops on the sofa as if shot. He goes down on his knees. Youth and the machine have made them supple. He grasps both her hands in his, drags her down to his level, and kisses her! Little scream from the offended one, and an "Oh! you brute! How you hurt me! You've jammed the hairpins into my scalp. You're as rough as a bear."

"Such as I am, you love me,"

"I don't; I hate you."

"Prove it by giving me another kiss."

"I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because—"

"That's no good reason," grasping both hands again.

"Hush! Let go! There's Mrs. Hall." Grand scamper of both to sewing-machine. Fortunately the wheel is propitious, and starts just in time to satisfy the watchful housekeeper that they have never stirred from their seats since she last looked in. "How are you getting on?" she asks. Both reply, affably, "Oh, very well."

Exit Mrs. Hall, with a sense of duty conscientiously performed irradiating her pleasant features.

"So you hate me, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

Sanderson bows as if accepting this as final, and with a broken heart turns to business. "Put your foot on the treadle, Miss Moffat, please." She puts both feet on and starts the wheel backward. "I said foot, not feet," he exclaims, authoritatively.

"Well, and if you did, you are not my master."

"Who, then, is running this machine, you or I?"

"I am," she answers.

"Under my direction?"

"Yes, I'll concede that much."

"Then put your left foot on the treadle."

She does so, and can not start the machine. It will not work for her, and he places his right foot upon it, and lo! it starts off with a will; and being so close together this couple keep the peace and silence for a good ten minutes, and neither has ever found the sewing-machine so pleasant to work before.

"Do say you don't hate me," he whispers.

"Well, I don't just exactly hate you."

Click! click! the sewing-machine plays its busy accompaniment to their soft young voices.

"Then you love me?"

"Yes; but only a little bit."

"And you'll marry me, since you love me?"

"Oh, that doesn't follow."

"But it does, when a man loves a woman honestly, as I do you."

"I'll never marry you."

"Why not?"

"Because you are a sewing-machine man."

"So better men have been before me. This is a land of self-made men, and I may go to Congress yet. I would do even that to win you."

"If you were only any thing poetic or grand, now."

"Once for all, Carrie, will you engage yourself to me?"

"No; most positively no. I can not bring myself to marry a sewing-machine agent."

"But if that's your only objection, I have to say I shall not be an agent much longer. Indeed, this is my last trip through the country. My brother and I are going to establish a branch office in Chicago. The New York firm furnish us the means, but even if they did not, we have capital enough to go into business for ourselves. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

He smiled.

"And I am twenty-five. For a man of that age I have what might be called a competence. I earned it all myself too," he added, with a touch of pride. "I started in life a poor boy, without a friend to help me, or a cent to call my own. I've been out in the world since I was fifteen, and I feel like a real old man now, and want to marry and settle. So don't keep me in suspense, Carrie, for I'm not a man to beg and plead—indeed, I've hardly time to court. If I had had, I might have been married long ago."

"An ugly fellow like you!"

"Yes, an ugly fellow like me. If I were not convinced that you loved me—and I do not lack even the assurance of your words or lips—I would take no for an answer and leave you forever; but I know you love me. That is the principal reason why you should become my wife, and there is no sensible reason why you should not."

"Only that you are a sewing-machine man."

"Is that an insuperable objection?"

"Yes."

"Well, men can not all be chief magistrates nor merchant princes, even in America. A woman who can not appreciate me for my true value—that of an honest and hard-working man—is not the wife for me. Good-bye, Miss Moffat."

He rose proudly, and before the girl could say a word he had left her. She sat there in a sort of stupor, hardly knowing what to say, or think, or do. Half an hour must have elapsed when she heard the trampling of horses underneath the window, and peeping out, saw his team. The wagon he drove was of singular construction, being fitted up at the back to hold sewing-machines. He had been stopping at her father's hotel, and it had not taken him long to make ready to leave. He sprang into the vehicle, flicked his whip upward in the direction of her window, and was off at full speed.

When he had gone she began to realize "the wounds invisible which love's keen arrows make." Day after day and week after week she hoped he would relent and write, but he did not; grief and pride had a fierce battle, and pride would have been worsted had Carrie known where to write. She would, in her agony, have humbly owned her love, and entreated him to return to her. The sweet poetess Mrs. Norton says that "the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning." Even so it was with merry Carrie. Six months were on, and

new sorrows came to press aside the old. "Old man Moffat" died, and after the estate was settled Carrie found herself with only a few hundred dollars—her fortune all told. Mrs. Hall had saved something, and they determined to go to Chicago to seek employment, and to keep together as long as they could. It was a disastrous time, for the great fires had already taken place, and impoverished almost the entire West. Nobody wanted housekeepers, for the reason that the Chicago people had then no houses to keep. Carrie could get nothing to do, and couldn't have done any thing if she had. Their money ran out, and their hopes ran down. One day, when heart-sick, foot-sore, and weary, Mrs. Hall obtained a situation to go into Ohio. The pay would hardly support them both, she thought, as she plodded back to where they lived to tell Carrie her good luck. Well, they would get along somehow. She found that she had been so deep in her meditations that she had stopped still in front of a fine building which the fire had spared. Glancing up to see where she had wandered in her abstraction, she saw an imposing sign with "Sanderson Brothers, Sewing-Machines," on it.

"I wonder if that can be that young man who taught Carrie the machine, and seemed so struck with her?" she said to herself. "He told her he was going into business with his brother in this city. She can work the machine beautifully now. I've a great notion to go in and see if I can get her a situation." She went in, a black boy opening the door for her.

"I want to see Mr. Sanderson."

"You wish to speak to me?" said a gentleman, advancing.

"Yes, Sir. I thought you an old acquaintance; but I find you are not the gentleman I knew, although the name is the same, and you resemble him."

"Perhaps it was my brother. Have you any business with him?"

"Nothing—very particular—only he once taught a young lady the machine, and being in reduced circumstances I thought, for auld lang syne, he might feel disposed to help her."

"I feel assured he would, madam. My brother never forgets old friends. He is now in St. Paul establishing a branch of the business there, and is in need of a skillful forewoman. Bring the young lady and let me see her work; if I think she would suit, I will send her out to him. He has written for one of my girls, but I would sooner send a stranger, as I can not very well spare any of my assistants. She would have to go at once."

And go at once she did. When she had parted with Mrs. Hall she felt as if she had parted with her last and only friend. It was a bitter trial for the young girl to go to him—the man she had looked down on and rejected because he was a sewing-machine man—to have to go to him and work—his paid assistant. This whirligig of time! what changes it brings! Young Sanderson was now a successful merchant, and she his underling—a sewing-machine girl!

They met as strangers.

She found out what daily labor was, for she had plenty to do; and had she been employed by any one else, she would have rejoiced in the new happiness of occupation honestly performed and liberally paid for. But to be in his store! It was such a cut to her pride. Then he treated her so strangely, too, just as if they had never met before. And she knew that he was sought by all the best people. He drove out the prettiest girls; and they would come into the store and bring him flowers, and invite him to their parties. And she! She was just a little nobody—unnoticed, unknown, and uncared for. In her loneliness and her conflict of feelings—jealousy, love, and pride contending for the mastery—she became utterly wretched. One day at her work she was furtively wiping away a few tears, when she heard his step.

"Miss Moffat," he said, "I dislike to trespass on your time, but I have a little piece of work which I am pressed for, and it is very particular. I should like you to do it under my own eye, so if you will permit me I will call with it this evening."

"Certainly, Sir."

He bowed coldly and left her.

The day wore on. Night came. What a flutter she was in! She could settle to nothing. She trembled, flushed and paled, grew hot and cold. She would see him alone again! What would he say? Would he allude to the past? Did he still love her? If he did, how could he act so coldly toward her? She couldn't control herself so. No, no, he must have forgotten all about it. And yet it was not so very long ago. Hark! a knock at the door. Yes, there he is punctual to the minute as ever. She rose to greet him. She tried to speak; her voice failed her; the blood surged in her head. She dropped on the sofa. He sprang toward her and knelt, for youth and the machine still kept his limbs supple. And now his emotion was as overmastering as her own.

"Can I believe it? Yes, yes; this time you can not hide it. You do love me, Carrie, and I claim you as my own."

"I have found out my heart since then," she said.

It so happened that their respective positions were the same as on that eventful day when he first declared his love to her. It further singularly happened that he grasped both her hands as then, and dragged her head down and kissed her. This time, however, she did not call him a brute, nor complain, though, bear-like, he drove the hair-pins into her scalp precisely the same as on that occasion. Strangest of all—alas for the consistency of woman!—she married the despised, the sewing-machine man.

LINES TO MY LADY-LOVE.

BY A COMMON-PLACE PERSON.

To thee, were I a humble bee,
I'd hourly wing my honeyed flight;
To thee, were I a ship at sea,
I'd sail, though land were in my sight;
To thee, were I a pussy cat,
I'd spring, as though 'twere on a rat!

To thee, were I a stickleback,
I'd swim as fast as fins could move;
To thee, were I a hunter's hack,
I'd gallop on the hoofs of love;
But, as I'm but a simple man,
I'll come by train, love—if I can!

Punch's Almanack.

For the Favorite.

MR. FITZ-BOODLE'S FIRST MASQUERADE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

I was determined to create a sensation. It was my first masked ball, and I resolved to make an impression.

I received my invitation about three weeks before the eventful evening, and the whole of that time was spent in considering the momentous question, "What dress shall I wear?" I verily believe I pictured myself in every conceivable costume, from the primitive fig leaf of Adam and Eve to the full-bottomed wig and trunk hose of the last century; and—metaphorically speaking—looked at myself in a glass to try the effect.

At last I determined to do what I should have done at first—consult a customer—and accordingly I called on a Mr. Solomon Levy, who, for the benefit of the uninitiated I will state, lives in almost every street in New York, and is easily recognizable by a hook nose and a strong nasal twang.

"Want a costume for Wednesday evening, sir?" said Mr. Levy, reflectively scratching his nose with a needle. "Happy to accommodate you, sir; what style of dress do you require? Something grave, or something comic? I've got a nice dress as an equestrian clown which would suit you very nicely; or Harlequin is very becoming for some people."

I said I preferred something grave; the idea of creating a sensation as a clown was quite repulsive.

"Grave! Then here's just the thing to suit you," said Mr. L., pulling out a queer parti-colored dress from under a huge pile of fancy suits. "This is the dress of Prince Hokey-pokey-winkey-fum, Grand Vizier to his Celestial Majesty the Emperor of China, and worn by that illustrious gentleman during his last visit to the United States. The dress was worn by young Mr. Fitz Spoon on Thursday last and created quite a sensation. The wig I am afraid I cannot manage for you; we only have one Chinese wig, and Mr. Fitz Spoon burnt off the tail of that, putting the end of it in his mouth and trying to light it as a cigar, while slightly intoxicated: but the tail doesn't so much matter, sir! An old black stocking tied up with ribbons and hung down your back will look quite as well. Shall I say the Chinaman, sir?"

"No." "No! Then here's a very fine Turkish costume, made expressly for the nephew of the Sultan, but didn't fit; this costume, sir, looks very effective when you sit cross-legged, but is not so well adapted for standing, as the trowsers are not quite so baggy as they might be, owing to the high price of dry goods. Shall I say the Turk, sir?"

Sit cross-legged all the evening! There was no sensation in that. "Oh, no! Let me see something else."

"Perhaps this will suit you, sir," he continued, displaying a very handsome dress—"time of Louis XIV., sir; this dress was worn by a very distinguished gentleman at Niblo's, the last time Richelieu was produced; or here's Falstaff, sir, if you prefer it; it is rather large for you, to be sure! But a couple of pillows would make that all right."

"Never mind Falstaff," I said; "you may send Louis XIV. to my residence in Brooklyn on Wednesday."

"Very well, sir. Shall I send the sword?" producing the stock-article which did duty as "dress-sword," "cimeter," "foil" or "Highland broadsword," according to circumstances.

"Is it absolutely necessary to complete the dress?" I said, with certain inward misgivings as to the advisability of tying myself to so dangerous an article.

"Oh no, sir! not at all necessary. Indeed, it is seldom used, especially when gentlemen intend to dance, as it has an awkward way of getting between the legs of persons not accustomed to wearing swords, and causes them some inconvenience. Here, Betty!" he said, while taking my name and address, "brush up Pizarro's helmet for Mr. Jones to-night; mind you sew up that hole in Carliolanus' armor for Mr. Brown, and take this liberty-cap to Mrs. Smith. Say I'm sorry I haven't a pole, as I broke our only one yesterday driving out a dog; but tell her a broom-handle or a walking-stick will do quite as well." And so, talking all the while, he politely bowed me to the door.

How slowly the time passed before the event-

ful Wednesday came. On that day I could do nothing, and hurried home at 5 o'clock, to find our Biddy dressed in my curling wig admiring herself in the looking-glass.

Supper I could scarcely touch, and after bolting a few mouthfuls at the imminent risk of choking, I bounded up stairs, three steps at a time, and commenced the serious business of dressing.

Reader, did you ever try to transform a very ordinary gentleman into the extraordinary personage of Louis XIV., in the limited period of half an hour? If you have not, you can form no adequate idea of the number of difficulties in which I quickly found myself involved. First, I got into the "tights," which kept me so tight I could scarcely move, and when I put on my ruffled shirt I was forced to keep my head so high for fear of damaging the frills, that, having forgotten to polish my boots, I was forced to undress in order to perform that disagreeable but necessary part of the toilet.

At last I was completely equipped from head to heel, including a long curly wig, and a hat with a large allowance of feather, and a very respectable figure I cut as I turned about before the looking-glass.

Oh yes! that would do; I was sure to create a sensation; and full of dreams of conquest, and the floor cumbered with the fair slain who would fall victims to my fascinating powers, I started for the ball.

The sensation of viewing a masked ball for the first time is somewhat surprising and curious; but I do not intend wearying my readers with a description of feelings which all of them have doubtless experienced. Enough to say that it shocked me to see the ghost of Hamlet's father dancing with Columbia, and Othello flirting with a Normandy peasant in a way that would lead one to think he cared very little about that "excellent wench" in whose company we are accustomed to see him.

I was almost an entire stranger to the company, for except my host and hostess—with whom I was very intimate—and Miss Simper, a young lady from my boarding-house, I could not be certain that any of my friends were present.

Miss Simper had, however, kindly informed me that a very beautiful heiress would be among the guests, and I had mentally determined that the conquest of said heiress should form part of my sensation. So I placed myself in a commanding position near the door, and endeavored to discover Miss Simper, in order that I might receive the promised introduction to the heiress. While I was thus engaged, one of my long curls was pulled from behind so suddenly as almost to decapitate (i. e., unwig) me, and my tall hat and feather were thrown to the ground.

Stooping in my "tight" condition was rather difficult, and I was some time in recovering my fallen stock, as "Night"—a young lady in spangles—sweeping by, carried it off in her starry robe half across the room. When I had recovered my original front, as we say in the military, I looked around for the perpetrator of the outrage, and saw close beside me "une fille du régiment," whom, for some unaccountable reason, I immediately associated with my disaster. She was dressed very prettily, and the short, tight-fitting costume displayed her full, plump figure to great advantage. She was of course closely masked, indeed very closely masked, for no part of her face or neck was visible; but there was a roguish twinkle in her eye, and a soft, gentle languor in her manner which made me think she would be an agreeable companion, and so I offered my arm, donned her drum—the unfailing mark of a "child of the regiment"—and was soon treading the giddy mazes of the dance.

My partner was charming, danced exquisitely, but would not talk. I plied her with a variety of questions, but she confined herself almost entirely to monosyllabic answers; and it appeared to me that, although her voice was soft and musical, her pronunciation was not very good; and once or twice I thought I detected a liberty with Uncle Sam's English, as defined by that excellent man Mr. Gould Brown. Still I was delighted, and danced with her again; for I found I was attracting quite a deal of attention, and in fact was fast accomplishing my desire and creating a sensation.

Presently a brilliant idea occurred to me—it was the heiress! Miss Simper had spoken to her about me, and she was a willing captive! Of course it must be so, and off I ran to Miss Simper to inquire. I found Miss S. seated in a quiet corner flirting terribly with "Paul Pry." She almost went into hysterics when I asked if my late partner was Miss —, the rich heiress; but laughed out something about "not being quite sure, but she rather thought so," which quite confirmed my previous impression, and I hurried back to my vivandière in high spirits.

All now went pleasantly; my partner and I were the centres of attraction, and wherever we went I heard murmurs of surprise or admiration, and sometimes suppressed laughter. "Paul Pry" was the only person that annoyed me; he was constantly at me, pulling my wig, beating the drum which still hung at my back, and otherwise making himself disagreeable; still I cared very little for him, but looked at the close mask of my charming partner, and impatiently awaited the order to unmask.

At length it arrived. "Gentlemen on one side, ladies on the other," was the command, and hastily engaging my partner for three dances after supper, I took my place opposite her, ready to feast my eyes on her beauty.

Presto! pass! It was done. Every mask

was removed, and I stood, speechless with astonishment, gazing on one of Africa's fairest (i. e., blackest) daughters, who was grinning at me in a manner that almost made me wild.

The whole room rang with laughter; "Paul Pry"—my old friend Tom Jones—lay on a sofa and fairly roared, while many of the ladies nearly went into hysterics. It was a joke—a catch—a sell—got up by Tom Jones and my host expressly for my benefit, and I like a fool had been quietly sold.

The room swam around me; the string of the confounded drum, which was still about me, appeared to choke me, and I fairly gasped for air.

Oh, it was horrible! To think that I, John Thomas Augustus Fitz-Boodle, who considered myself quite a beau amongst the girls, had been flitting for an entire evening with my friend's black cook! I could not stand it, and throwing the drum down rushed from the house in so great a hurry that I forgot my hat and overcoat, and ran down the street half mad with shame and vexation. My run was not a long one, for policeman 23,765, seeing a man in strange costume running bareheaded through the street at so late an hour, supposing there was something wrong, gave chase, and after a short but very exciting run pulled me up by the collar with, "Holloa, young man, whar's you a runnin to?"

In my highly excited condition politeness was not thought of, and hitting out from the shoulder, I tapped M. P. 23,765 on the eye and laid him sprawling on the sidewalk.

A general scrimmage ensued; several other limbs of the law soon arrived to aid their fallen chief, and after I had been well pummelled and my fine costume torn and soiled—I was conducted to the Precinct Station House, and accommodated with lodgings at the public expense for the night.

The next morning I was taken before Judge Grindhisbones, and after receiving a lecture as long as my arm, was fined twenty-five dollars for M. P. 23,765 to repair his eye with; and with a caution not to do so again, the Court mercifully let me off!

What a figure I cut going home in the middle of the day, dressed in the tattered remains of King Louis XIV. finery, without a hat, and with several newly-developed bumps on my head and face, which phrenologists would have accounted for by the word "Locust!"

Nor did my troubles end here, for Mr. Levy made me pay \$50 for the damage done King Louis XIV.; and on inquiry at my friend's, I found some obliging gentleman had appropriated my overcoat, and that all my chances with the heiress had been spoiled by that intolerable nuisance Tom Jones. Sadly and seriously I thought over my misfortune, and so mournfully ended my first and last attempt at "Creating a Sensation."

For the Favorite.

THE MASKED BRIDAL.

BY ANTOINETTE.

OF HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER I.

"Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour."

It was a wild night in the month of November, and the wind howled drearily across Epsom Downs; it stopped now and then, but only to gather strength, and rush on more madly, more spitefully than ever.

The rain, too, fell in large drops, so fast that the wide level moor looked like a vast lake, and the sky was black with drifting clouds, proving that the storm had not yet reached its height.

Surely on such a night all well-disposed persons should keep in-doors. Surely no one will attempt to cross the Downs to-night? The wide lonely moor, dreary enough at the best of times, how inexpressibly dark and mournful it is in this fearful tempest. One would fancy that the highwaymen, swinging in their irons on the black, villainous-looking gibbets, were screaming out to each other, but it is only the wind, though it sounds strangely like a human voice.

Wild as the night is, loud as the storm rages, a party of horsemen are crossing the Downs. Three men, and—surely it is not possible? yes it is—a woman.

What can be their errand? It must be a desperate one to take them abroad on such a night.

They rode on silently, absorbed in meditations, the rain beating down on them unheeded, and the fierce wind shrieking around them as if angry at their passive endurance.

At length the silence was broken by the woman. She turned to the man who rode beside her, and, speaking in a low tone, as if fearful of being overheard, inquired with deep pathos, in a rich musical voice:

"Stanley, is there no other way of saving your life?"

He bent forward, and came as close to her as possible, and laying his hand on the cold fingers that held the reins, replied with bitter emphasis:

"None. He swears that he will give me up before another week passes over my head if

you refuse to become his wife. But what of that? Please yourself, Alicia. There are some good fellows!" pointing away across the moor, where, on the terrible gibbet, three skeleton forms hung in irons, swinging and creaking in the driving mist.

"What of it?" he resumed, as his companion replied only by a stifled shriek. "Please yourself. I can not. Stanley Riverdale can hang there too. You would not be likely to forget him, for you would see him every time you rode to London. Jolly companions I would have, too; bold fellows who loved to take this road on a dark night. Turn back, Alicia, before it is too late; turn back, I say. My life is not worth saving after all."

"Hush, Stanley, for God's sake!" sobbed the girl. "What are you saying? Oh! Stanley, when I think of our happy childhood, of your dear father, I feel as if this disgrace, this fearful ruin that threatens you, is only a horrible dream, from which I will soon waken. But it is, alas! too true."

"Yes, it is true enough; but you can please yourself, as I have said before. Ruthven will hang me, but I can hang. The only thing I do not like is the disgrace to my father. Poor old fellow, he would not love to see his only son there!"

Again he pointed to the same dismal sight, and again a shiver ran through the slight form beside him.

"No, Stanley, never! I can save you, and I will!"

"Thank you, Alicia; I will never forget your love, your devotion, and Ruthven has promised he will not annoy you; you shall never even see him unless you wish."

The moor was almost crossed, and the party once more relapsed into silence. On they rode, the horses' feet splashing up the water at every step, but none of that party had a thought to spare for the discomforts of the ride. Their minds were full of far heavier troubles.

Far away among the trees skirting Epsom Downs stood a little lonely chapel, and near it the tiny cottage where the good old priest lived, Father Francis.

Father Francis sat alone in his little parlor, before a bright fire, that leaped and danced merrily, casting bright shadows on the old wainscoted walls, which were dark with age and quaintly carved with many a strange device. A taper burned on the table, and Father Frank held a book in his hand, but he was looking into the fire with absent eyes, thinking of by-gone days, when he was young and happy, when he did not live alone, with not a soul to speak to but his aged house-keeper—days when he romped and played by his mother's knee, and all his joys and sorrows were shared by a bright-haired brother, loved far better than himself; days when he was a youth, and the fond mother's voice was still forever, and her gentle smile and kindly words no longer soothed each childish sorrow; but the brother was still there, Hubert, the strong and fearless boy, the manly youth, who was with him in his walks, his rides, studied from the same books, and sorrowed if they were parted, even for one day. Did he think only of those happy days? Alas! no. How could he forget his wild love for beautiful Millicent Tremorne? How could he forget the day he learned that Hubert loved her also, and that she was his brother's promised wife? Try hard though he might, he could not drive away the bitter past.

Well, too well, he remembered the day of Hubert's marriage, when, torn by anguish he could not conceal, he left his home and fled, to become the inmate of a cloister cell, leaving all that he possessed to the brother who had already won all that made life worth having. How could he stay to witness their happiness? No, he fled, like a coward, perhaps, and too soon was he forgotten.

What had Father Francis in common with Sir Hubert Stanley? Had Frank Stanley died and been buried, would not his brother forget him? Surely when he was dead to the world he was dead to his brother, for Hubert was in the world and of it.

Sometimes Father Francis, in his lonely cell, heard news of his brother, news that grieved the good man. He heard of the gay life his brother lived, of grand doings at his old home, and large tears forced themselves from his sad dark eyes, and ran down his pale thin cheeks, to hear of gambling quarrels, of wine parties, of horse races at Noran, the old home of his mother. Surely this was sad work; surely Hubert was sorely changed.

Later, an heir was born, and loud were the rejoicings, for Lady Stanley had been a childless wife; but the noisy joy was soon hushed, and the joy-bells' merry jingle stopped to ring the funeral knell, for the young mother passed away, leaving a helpless babe to the gay father's care.

Hubert had loved his wife with no common love, and her death, coming so suddenly, in the midst of gayety, struck him like a fearful blow.

He was stunned and shocked, and turned to the merry, laughter-loving friends with whom he had surrounded himself; but they could not help him; they hurried away and left him now that he was in sorrow and could no longer amuse them.

Some one advised him to go abroad, to travel; so he shut up the house, left his infant son in the charge of an old doctor and a faithful nurse, and went abroad to the Continent.

Once there, he plunged into a perfect vortex of reckless gayety. Gaming, drinking, in fact anything to drive away thought. What need is there to tell what followed; it is an old, and,

alas! too common a story; what need to tell of a fortune squandered, of health broken, and a soul lost. One night Sir Hubert played his last desperate game. It was at Baden-Baden, that gambler's paradise, and when his fierce, blood-shot eyes watched the cards as the *croupier* turned them, and black won, while the remnant of his fortune was staked on red, he rose from the table with a hollow groan, and staggered out through the crowd of flushed, eager and yet haggard faces, staggered out into the calm moon-lit night, and on out of the town, with its brilliant streets and happy people, who pushed and jostled the doomed man, never seeing death in his ashy face. He left them all behind him, and reached a green field, where the stars looked down at the desperate man, as if beseeching him to pause ere it was too late, to trust the mercy of the Hand that made them and him. In vain, the silent monitors shone above him, he saw them not. Alone, in the peaceful, dewy stillness, he stood, penniless, friendless. He drew a small silver-mounted pistol from his breast, and laid its cold shining muzzle on his heated forehead,—one touch of the finger,—a loud ringing report and a low sob,—and when the smoke cleared away, there, under the soft starlight, lay a ghastly thing, that had once been Sir Hubert Stanley.

When the news reached England, Father Francis left the monastery and traveled to London. There he saw, for the first time, his nephew, now a noble boy of four years. The child was Sir Arthur Stanley, but his fortune was gone, and the priest took him home with him, and applied for a parish, in order to keep the boy, the child who looked up at him with Millicent's eyes, and lisped out his prayers in a voice so like Hubert's when he prayed at his mother's knee.

The boy promised well. He was a strong, brave child, but he did not love learning nor dry old books; he tired of the quiet life his uncle lived; he was a restless spirit, and Father Francis found it hard to keep him at home on bright sunny days, when the birds sang in the forest, and the merry brooks danced, and the spotted trout hurried up and down in the clear pools, as if longing to be caught.

Nothing would keep Arthur at home then; he was always away in the woods. He formed acquaintance with a tribe of gipsies, and spent days and nights in their tents. The wandering ways of the tawny people suited the wayward boy far better than the quiet ways of the good old priest, and one day Arthur was missed and could not be found, and was never found, for the Zingari tribe had, for some unknown reason, raised their tents and vanished, no one knew where, and Arthur Stanley had gone with them.

The boy was fourteen when he disappeared, and he had been gone ten years, but Father Frank still hoped he would return, though none knew whether he still lived, or where he was. The good priest still loved him, and always thought of his nephew as the brown-faced, frank and manly boy he was the last time he saw him.

Father Frank sat thinking of the old days, his chin resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the fire, which was now burning low, till he sank into a doze. He did not sleep long. The rain beat against the little diamond-shaped panes of his window as if it was determined to force an entrance into the humble but cosy parlor, and the wind raged and howled like an angry demon. But surely there were travelers abroad to-night. Surely that sound was the sound of horses' feet. Father Frank sat up and listened. Yes, the wind paused a moment, and the noise grew more distinct. A horseman galloped up to the door of the little parsonage, and alighting, began to request an entrance in a very unceremonious way by knocking loudly with what sounded like a heavy riding-whip.

Father Francis sat still and trembled, for, though he was no coward, he well knew he was a helpless old man, and in those days—1780—highwaymen were plenty, murders common, and robberies every-day occurrences.

He trembled, and made no attempt to open the door, though, judging by the loud thumps liberally bestowed on it, the midnight visitor was not inclined to wait long in the wet.

"Hullo! hullo! are you all dead in there?" shouted the unwelcome guest, redoubling his furious blows.

"Holy Mother!" ejaculated the priest, "have they come to murder me?"

While he spoke, a blow, more vigorous than its predecessors, sent the stout oak door flying back on its hinges, and a gust of wind swept in and extinguished the candle.

A heavy footstep strode through the little hall and into the parlor, and in the dim uncertain light of the fire, Father Frank saw a tall man, with a masked face, stand before him.

This sight froze the good man's blood in his veins, and deprived him of the power, even if he had possessed the will, to inquire his visitor's errand.

The masked man, without one word, lighted the candle, and then turned to Father Frank.

"Good man, you look alarmed, but you need not; I would not hurt one hair of your head for all England; but I want you all the same. At the chapel, a short distance from here, there is to be a wedding to-night; you are to perform the ceremony, and the bride waits. Will you come at once? We have far to ride, and the night is wet."

Father Frank stared at the speaker aghast. What could this mean? How could a marriage be about to take place without his knowledge, in his own chapel, too; it was most unaccount-

able. Surely this man must have some design against his life, and gave this as an excuse to beguile him out, that he might murder him.

"There is no marriage in my chapel, or I would be aware of it," said the good man firmly. He was determined to show this masked man that he was not deceived by his improbable story.

"Yes, Father Frank, there is a marriage. The chapel is open now. Come and see for yourself."

The priest paused, and regarded his strange visitor fixedly, and although the man's face was covered by a scarlet velvet mask, and his form enveloped in a long crimson cloak, mud-splashed and wet, Father Frank had an odd feeling of having seen this man before and heard him speak; his voice, too, it was like the voice of the dead, the voice of Hubert.

"Come," said the strange guest once more, and this time the priest rose from his seat, and putting on his long grey cloak, pulled the hood over his head, and prepared to follow him from the house.

There was a lull in the storm as they commenced their walk, the stranger leading his horse, a huge black brute, with one white foot; but as they turned in the little gate, a gust of wind drove the rain in their faces, and Father Frank was almost blown from his feet.

"Hold up, father," said the mask, and caught the priest's arm.

Again the old man was struck by the sound of the voice, though angry with himself for comparing the voice of a highwayman to that of his dead brother.

The man had spoken truly. The chapel was open, the candles burning on the altar, and a group of people waiting in the aisle.

"Put on your gown, Father Frank. The couple you are about to marry are of noble birth. They both are of as good blood as any in England."

The priest entered the vestry, and, throwing off his grey cloak, arrayed himself in his sacred robes, and returned to his strange companion, who stood waiting for him at the door. They walked up the aisle together. There stood the bride before the altar, but strangely unlike a bride she looked. She was wrapped from head to foot in a black cloak, her face covered by a mask, and her hands clasped as if in prayer.

Two men stood beside her, both of them dressed in exactly the same garb as the man who had brought the priest to the chapel. Every face there was concealed save Father Frank's, and the good man felt as if in a dream. What mystery was this? Suddenly, like a flash! it came across Father Frank's mind that this was the band of robbers who made the road from London a dangerous place for travelers. A noted highwayman called Roving Roger was their leader, and now the good priest remembered that a price was set on this man's head, and in the placards posted on the walls he was described as riding a large black horse, and wearing a scarlet mask!

"Come, Alica, are you ready?" "Yes," replied the lady, in a low musical voice.

The marriage was over, the ring on the bride's finger, Alica Seymour Paget was united in the holy bands of matrimony to Roger Ruthven till death did them part. The bridegroom said his name in such a low tone that Father Frank did not hear it, but when the ceremony was over, the newly-married man came up to the priest and said calmly:

"Father Francis, I thank you. Farewell. Have you any curiosity to know who I am? I know you did not hear my name, for I purposely said it in a low tone. I am Roger Ruthven, commonly known as 'Roving Roger.' We will meet again if I live, good priest. Here is your fee."

The robber laid a purse down on the bench beside the priest, and followed the others, who had already left the church.

Father Frank stood lost in amazement for full ten minutes after he was left alone. He heard them mount their horses and gallop off, and still he stood staring wildly about him. The tapers still burnt on the altar, and the purse lay untouched where the masked man had placed it; but for those tangible proofs of its reality, Father Frank would have doubted the evidence of his senses, and thought the whole affair was a dream.

He raised the purse, it was heavy, and on being opened, proved full of gold pieces; never before had the priest received such a fee, but he doubted if it was right to accept it, for no doubt it was ill-gotten gains, and perhaps had cost some one his life.

Father Frank went home, and months rolled on, but he saw nothing more of the bridal party, though he often heard of people being robbed by Roving Roger and his men.

CHAPTER II.

"Twas a night of gorgeous revel, wreaths, dance, and light."

Helsbourne Hall, the Baronial Hall of Sir Claude Riverdale, of Helsbourne, in the county of Surrey, is a scene of magnificent festivity on the night, when Stanley Riverdale, only son and heir of Sir Claude, comes of age.

Up and down the long avenue, link boys, with blazing torches, are posted, to give light to the carriages that crowd up to the grand old Hall. The door is flung wide open, and a perfect blaze of light comes streaming out across

the smooth-shaven lawn, and gets lost among the huge old oaks. Tall footmen, gorgeous in scarlet and gold, stand on the steps, to receive the high-born guests.

Dukes and Barons jostle and push, and beautiful ladies, with powdered hair and splendid court dresses, laden with jewels, and beaming with smiles, flock up the massive stone stairs like a flight of rare tropical birds.

Within, words fail to depict the glories of the scene. The ball-room is a grand old apartment, with lofty ceiling, hung with innumerable wax-lights, the walls are covered with portraits of Riverdale's, who have long ago slept in dust. "Fair women and brave men," who look down on the gay crowd, as if reproving merriment in which they can take no part, though the old servants did say that often the sound of revelry was heard in that very room; when no living revelers were there, old John declared that he had peeped in and seen the tapers lit by unseen hands, and footmen, in liveries of by-gone days, set back the chairs and tables and call out for the musicians, and the lords and ladies who hung on the walls would step down on the waxed floor and dance till mid-night chimed, when of course all this mystic gayety would banish in one moment.

However this might be, the ball-room was like a scene in fairy-land on this, the birth-night of Stanley Riverdale. Many of the lords and ladies had come miles and miles to congratulate that fortunate youth. None but well born and well bred people throng the vast old room, the very air is heavy with perfume, and smiles, sweet, if not very sincere, light up every face. What noble looking men! and what beautiful women! Rarely beautiful were the sons and daughters of England in the past century, and the dress they wore were calculated to set off every charm. The powdered hair dressed to add three inches of everyone's height. The rich silk and velvet clashed with bright contrasting colors, and the magnificent jewelry worn by both men and women rendered a plain person handsome, and a beautiful person still more beautiful.

Among that aristocratic crowd there are many lovely faces, many handsome forms, but Alica Paget, Sir Claude Riverdale's niece is the belle of the room, and Stanley Riverdale is acknowledged to be the handsomest man.

They are dancing a minuet at the head of the room, and many eyes rest in admiration on the beautiful girl, and rarely beautiful she looked. Her hair is only powdered very slightly and its rich golden gloss shines through the snowy covering; it is dressed in the fashion of the day, raised high above the pure broad brow and falling in long ringlets on the finely moulded neck; her dress is white, a satin petticoat marked with gold threads, and a court train trimmed with knots of gold twist and white feathers; jewels glistened in her hair, on her arms and round the soft white throat, beautiful maidenly pearls and royal emeralds. Her hair was, as I have already said, golden, her complexion pure and soft as white wax, her eyes blue and fringed by long silky lashes of the darkest brown, her eye-brows were also very dark and arched beautifully over the deep expressive eyes, her nose was high and delicately chiselled, her lips full and rosy, and her face a perfect oval. Her form was slight but graceful, and she's rather above the middle height.

Stanley was a tall, slender youth; his hair was black and he wore it unpowdered; his face was handsome, but his expression was languid and haughty, and the full lips and receding chin betrayed a weak and sensual nature. His was not a face that inspired confidence, but his voice was so sweet and his eyes so soft and winning that he often won it.

His cousin was also his betrothed. They had lived together all their lives, and Alica loved Stanley with her whole heart; she knew him to be weak and wilful, but a woman can love where she can not respect, and Stanley always went to Alica for help and advice in every difficulty. The weak nature leant on the strong one, and the girl loved him better because she fancied he could not live without her.

"Alica, I must speak to you when the dance is over," said Stanley, and his cousin, who knew him so well, saw that he was pale and agitated, and that the hand which touched hers trembled.

"Yes, Stanley, what is it?"

"I will tell you just now. Go, it is your turn to dance."

She moved away, but already her face was pale, for her love was so great that she felt his troubles more than he did himself.

When the dance was over the cousins moved away through the crowd and reached a door unobserved. They passed out and up a flight of stairs into the library, which was of course deserted. Stanley closed the door and drew Alica to the window. "Look, there is Ruthven, he is waiting for me. I must go, Alica."

"O! Stanley do not, you will be missed and how can I account for your absence to-night of all nights?"

"I must go, Alica. I may not be long away, you must make some excuse for me, women can always make excuses, they are so accustomed to dodging it comes natural to them. See, Ruthven is there, I must go."

Alica looked out, the library was at the back of the house, and under the shadow of the oak trees, a man stood waiting.

"Stanley, do not go for once, just this once; take my advice and do not go."

"Alica, I must, he will be angry else. Come down and speak to him."

"No! I hate—at least I dislike him so."

"Never mind that, come down and speak to him." The girl looked annoyed, but her cousin drew her hand through his arm and led her from the room.

They descended the stairs and entered a long narrow passage, it wound round the end of the house and finished with a flight of steps and a door leading to the court-yard.

Alica did not descend the stairs, but Stanley did, he threw the door open and whistled, the signal was returned, and in a few moments Stanley re-entered the passage accompanied by a tall, powerful man.

The place was nearly dark, but Alica knew the stranger and gave him her hand; but very coldly he raised it to his lips and stood gazing on her beauty with evident love.

"Must my cousin go with you to-night?" she asked in tones of the deepest anxiety.

"Yes, Lady Alica, I cannot do without him to-night. Do you not wish to go, Stanley?"

"Oh! yes, to be sure, I am ready, 'Moonlight Ned' is always ready to take the road. What a start my dignified father would give if he heard my professional name, eh, Alica?"

"Hush, Stanley, you make me shudder. Your father would break his heart if he knew all your actions and the way you risk your life, oh! Stanley, do stay at home to-night. I am in terror while you are away."

"Oh! that is all nonsense, my love; go back and dance and forget all about me. I will come home all right, and if I do not, Arthur Stanley will come in to the title and estate, and I daresay he will suit the grandees up there as well as I do if not better."

He turned away with a laugh as he spoke, but his reckless speech wounded his cousin's feelings.

"You will take care of him," she said earnestly, laying her hand on Ruthven's arm. He started violently.

"Yes, I will." He said in a hoarse tone.

"Alica, I will take care of him because you ask me to." He took both the white slender hands, in his strong grasp, and looked down at her fair face tenderly.

She drew away her hands, and a cold haughty look came into the soft blue eyes; even in the dim light, the robber saw it and sighed deeply.

"Oh! Lady Alica, you despise me, and it is no wonder; but I love you, oh! so truly, so tenderly. Some day you may grow to like me. I am not low. I am as well born as any in that ball-room yonder, though poverty has brought me to this. I will care for Stanley because you ask me to, it is harder to do than you can understand. Sometimes I am tempted; but no, I will not tell you yet."

At this moment, Stanley, who had gone away to change his dress, returned, and Ruthven kissed the soft white hand of the Lady Alica once more and left the passage. She stopped her cousin to request him to be careful, but he laughed lightly, and after kissing her forehead, passed out, and she was left alone.

She clasped her hands wildly and almost screamed out in her pain. She knew what fearful risks her cousin ran, and what did Ruthven mean by his dark hints? Perhaps he was jealous of Stanley. She knew Ruthven loved her with a fierce passionate love. What if he should fancy the real state of the case, namely, that she loved her cousin too well to ever care for him; he had said she despised him, but this was not so; she did not, in fact there was something noble in this man's look, something that told of a better nature than the reckless life he lived testified to.

She thought of him for the first time with interest; generally, she hated the very idea of Ruthven and strove to drive away all thoughts of him, of the power he had over her cousin, over herself; but to-night a softer feeling was in her heart; he too was in danger, a price was set on his head, she had seen the placards on the walls in the streets of London; after all it was hard the life he led. Perhaps he might yet reform and turn to better things, but he should leave England.

Lady Alica returned to the ball-room, she had not been missed; but her hand was soon claimed for a dance, and she stood up and tried to be merry like the rest, while her smiling face hid an aching heart.

"How beautiful Lady Alica Paget is?" said Lord Victor Le Strange to his lovely partner Lady Clara Hope.

"Yes," replied the little lady with a slight pout, for she did not care to hear the charms of another praised by her affianced lover. "Yes, she is very beautiful, and oh! so happy."

"Is she particularly happy, Clara? Happier than the rest of us? she does not strike me as looking so, she has not a happy face, not so happy as your own."

"Oh! indeed you are mistaken. She is the most fortunate girl I know. She is soon to be married to the handsomest man in England."

"Yes," said Le Strange carelessly, "he is very handsome, he looks magnificent to-night in that black velvet slashed with crimson satin; but he has not a good face for all that, not a trustworthy face."

Later in the evening Le Strange danced with Alica, and spoke a few words of hearty congratulation on her approaching marriage. To his utter amazement, she grew pale as death, and scarcely thanking him, changed the subject. He did not know what to think of this, and Alica, as if fearful he would again recur to this most embarrassing topic, took the first opportunity to leave him.

"Surely this is odd. Clara thinks that girl is so happy, and here she grows white if one but mentions that she is to be married. Very

strange, girls like to hear about their weddings, but she does not, evidently."

Thus soliloquized the mystified Lord Victor, and he watched Alice all through the evening, greatly to her embarrassment, and also to the great indignation of Lady Clara Hope, his little promised wife, who became so angry towards supper time that she would scarcely speak to him, and flirted furiously with a tall young Baronet, which greatly distressed poor Le Strange who had not the faintest idea how he had offended her.

Alice all this time was in an agony of suspense for fear Stanley would be missed, and still greater fear that some evil would befall him while he was away.

Doubtless theirs were not the only heavy hearts in that gayly dressed, happy looking crowd. Misery is so often masked.

(To be continued.)

BELFRIES AND BELLS.

In the Temple at Jerusalem, before the time of Abaz, existed a feature which appears to have borne a relation to those outposts of the watchers against time of which we are speaking. It was called the Covert of the Sabbath; and is held to have been the station whence the appointed Levites might watch the setting of the sun on the eve of the Sabbath, and send forth those three peculiar trumpet-notes—the blast, the long note, and the blast—by the six-fold repetition of which the commencement of the sacred day was announced to the city. A natural tower or lofty wall, scarped in the solid native rock, at the north of the great Temple platform, above which it still rises sheer for more than 30 feet, was probably left in this unusual form for the base of the Covert of the Sabbath.

The dome is not a belfry; nor is it readily to be combined with one. The purposes of the two architectural features are too distinct to admit of satisfactory fusion. The dome, formed in antique structures by overlapping stones meeting finally in the centre, has gradually risen in modern use from the flat, and then slightly vaulted, roofing common in those countries where snow never falls, where shade from the sun is a more needful luxury than exposure to his rays, and where all the water that comes from heaven is stored as a precious gift. Supported, in ordinary cases, on joists, or rather on rough logs of timber, in more substantial buildings the roofs are actually formed of flat arches; built of tufa, in districts where this light volcanic stone is available. As a structural expedient, natural to this condition, the centre of the area is first slightly cambered; anon it rises as a sort of shell; then expands into a bubble. The architectural effect thus producible was seized upon by some far-sighted genius, who raised the exquisite form of the dome on a pillared drum, and thus added a special beauty, at once to the external elevation, and to the solemn repose of the interior, of the building thus adorned.

There is, indeed, another theory of the genesis of the dome; that is, from the roofing of the tower. The ordinary gable roof, when applied to cover a circular building, becomes a cone. From the cone to the cupola the transition is not very far-fetched. But, familiar as we are with cupola forms of towers in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, we still hold that it is from the flat roof that the dome has actually originated: that it attained its beauty under Saracenic rule; and that the cupola forms of Italy are reflected from an Arabic tower; and are not the direct descendants of the conical-roofed turret, which in some districts, as in the romantic valley through which one road from Castellamare to Salerno leads, may be found side by side with them.

Another form of sheltered turret may be named, but it is one which has had no discernible influence on occidental architecture. We refer to the pagoda. The hollowed, pointed forms of the roofs and verandas of this Oriental type of towers evidently simulate the droop of the textile fabric, umbrella or tent, which preceded the roof of solid materials. This tent-like form is an outline equally distinct from the level roof, from the gable, and from the cupola, or its development, the dome. But though the pagoda does not appear to have been the lineal ancestor of the belfry, it was at least its chronological predecessor. The angles of these buildings are often adorned with bells. Bells were used by the Chinese as much as 4,000 years ago; and the mention of them as dividing time for public information, is 690 years anterior to that of the golden ornaments to the vestments of the high priest, in the Pentateuch. These precious bells were probably like those used for horse-colours in Italy, and for children's corals in England; hollow globes with a slit, and a loose clapper enclosed. The sound of these, if made of gold, must have been extraordinarily sweet. The gong, whether older or later than the bell, is an instrument of much musical power. We must not omit to mention the fine tones producible from steel bars.

Leaving aside the cupola form as a foreign product, hardly naturalized among us (the glorious instance of St. Paul's serving as an exception to prove the rule) the Christian character of England may, as a general division, be ranked under the head of those furnished with towers, and those adorned with spires. Of course, there is a wide border-land, where tower and spire march, or where wedlock of all kinds—happy equitable union, or disproportionate and ridiculous bondage—is illustrated in struc-

tural form. Watford Church, Herts, and some others in the same county, may serve as examples of the latter. On a large tower, which a certain massive solidity might render respectable by itself, is perched a sort of diminutive extinguisher, the design of which is one of those mysteries which it is equally hard and useless to solve.

The origin of the tower, there can be little doubt, is military. We are not prepared to state that the distribution of the tower churches in England marks districts formerly exposed to the ravages of the Danes, or specially liable, from other causes, to constant danger. The topographical likeness of our old churches is so marked,—certain features are so local, so characteristic of a particular district,—that the detection of their origin cannot be beyond the reach of intelligent investigation. But a solid, substantial fortalice, in which, first, the clergy, and then the immediate parishioners, might find refuge, and from the summit of which they might both watch against attacks and give signals of distress, is, both in England and the Low Countries, the historic reality of many a church tower. The spire is scarcely debatable as to its origin. Its growth from the high stone roofs of towers of the tenth and eleventh centuries, as seen for example in Normandy, to its culmination in Vienna and Freiburg, is plainly shown. The idea of its being a finger-post, pointing heavenward, is perhaps something more than mere fancy.—*Builder.*

HOUSE-HUNTING.

The first fortnight in February, is one of the busiest activity in Montreal. It is the season of house-hunting. The marvel is how so many people are homeless just about that time, roaming disconsolately through the streets, seeking for a hospitable roof to shelter them, and a cosy nook wherein to lay their weary limbs. Another wonder is, how many are suddenly taken with the fever of "moving," and give up comfortable quarters for imaginary reasons, to exchange them against the chances of a new and untried house.

One consolation is that if there are people who want to change houses, there are houses in plenty for the seeking. All up and down the great streets running parallel to the river, and all along the narrower streets starting from the river and scrambling out into the prairie, placarded boards dangle from door frame or window sash, to catch the eye of the houseless wanderer. Column upon column of advertisements in the newspapers, "only 1 cent a word," give notice of "house wanted," "house to let," and any number of furnished or unfurnished rooms, every one of them within the convenient distance of "five minutes' walk from the post office."

Human perversity is so great that this very abundance is set down as an additional grievance. How is one to choose among so many? How can one be expected to run all over the town in quest of only one house? Yet the thing has to be done and speedily too, for after the 15th, it is understood that the best houses are gone, leaving to potters and laggards only the chances of leaking roofs and tumble-down porches, or the risk of kitchens and pantries infested with rats and cockroaches.

So the family council is duly held at the matrimonial board, the map of the city traced out on the table-cloth, and a plan of operations decided upon. Who is to go? Paterfamilias knows nothing about such things, of course, and solemnly avers that, provided a snugger and a bath-tub are reserved for him, he cares nothing for the rest. So "Mother" (if a matron) or "Pussy" (if a *nouvelle mariée*) is delegated to do the work.

Out into the inclement weather, with the snow, one day, blinding her pretty eyes, and her pretty feet pattering in the slush, on the next, she sallies forth, like a bird, to find her a new nest for the summer days. Ah! the weary tramp. A lady has assured us that these house-hunting times were among the dreariest of her married life. So many streets to thread, so many stairs to mount, so many rooms to visit, so many questions to ask, such shootings of terror at the monstrous big prices demanded! And then the silent calculation on the tips of half-raised fingers, of how much the city tax will be, at about ten per cent on the rental, how much the water rates will amount to, how much must be calculated for gas, which, contrary to the dynamic law of all foul vapors, is always rising in this city, instead of falling. Meanwhile, the landlord looks on with cool complacency, in the provoking attitude of a master dispensing favor to a postulant. And why not? He has a house to spare and you have none. Hence you may take it as a grace if he have "no objection" to letting you take his.

Some house-seekers, however, are by no means so meek. They stalk up to the door with queenly determination; give a masculine pull at the bell-wire; flap their mantles like great birds' wings, going up the stairs, to the awe of the chaperoning housemaid; take eagle glances at the rooms; peer under the furniture; turn up their noses at the ten cents' wall paper or the chintz window curtains; put their fingers in the water sink, asking awful questions all the while; dive down into the black cellars and penetrate even into the arcana of the back yard. Such women are the terror of those whose houses they visit, and the landlord need put on no airs with them, for they are armored in brass. Such

persons, too, are the greatest hagglers of all. They will chisel and whittle were it only for the reduction of one pound.

All sorts of amusing incidents occur in this house-hunting season. We were told of one case where a lady having nearly concluded a lease with an ancient landlord, was slyly asked whether she had children. Like Cornelia, she proudly answered that she had such jewels. "Then," said the old man, "you cannot have my cottage. Children are little devils. They tear the tapestry, drive nails into the walls, and are a nuisance to the whole neighborhood." The old mandrake! He was a married man, as was afterwards found out, but because he had not fulfilled the Scriptural injunction to increase and multiply, he wanted to punish those who had been more observant of their duty. Contrariwise, another landlord that we heard of made it a point that his tenants should have children. He contended that they scared mice out of the house and beggars out of the neighborhood, while their scampering helped to make the house "settle." A landlord was asked why he charged ten pounds more for a house on St. Denis street than for a precisely similar house in a side street, a little further down. "Because the street is more fashionable," was the reply. "Bosh!" exclaimed the intending tenant, "that is ALL A PREJUDICE." "Granted," said the philosophic landlord, "but every thing in this world must be paid for, even a prejudice. That prejudice is worth ten pounds." A friend of ours went to see a room advertised as spacious and elegantly furnished. He was shown into a garret apartment, about the size of a German principality, that is, with barely place to shift his position in bed. He tumbled down the stairs in high dudgeon. On reaching the street, the first thing he knew, he got a dipper full of water in his face from a fellow who was pretending to wash windows. Our friend was about to indulge in profanity, when he thought better of it and picked up the bucket to quench his assailant. Timely flight, however, saved the latter. Our friend has since been averse to any conversation about furnished apartments or window washing.

Rents in Montreal have risen very much this year, from fifteen to twenty per cent. It is next to impossible to get a separate lodging for a small family, at less than fifty pounds. Indeed, they are considered lucky who secure good houses at that price. And, after all, the chief thing is to have a home—one's own home, in sweet isolation and retired domesticity. After the work of the day, it is the dearest of human comforts for the weary man to return to his own hearth, where the smile of his own is there to welcome, comfort and reward him. With these and a bird in a cage, a few flowers in the window and a favorite volume on the table, no better companionship can a man of lettered mind or cultured heart require.

Even to the solitary man his own room should be a home and a sanctuary, where he can sit and think at times, with his eyes fixed on the arabesques of the ceiling or the blue figures of the papered wall and feel with grim satisfaction what it is to be alone in the world. Or if he wishes to commune with the past—as we all love to do, and are blessed in doing—he should still have the uninvaded solitude of his own warm chamber, where he can sit and dream of bygone days, see the dear familiar faces beaming through the closed shutters with eyes brimful of tearful love and lips that murmur blessings, croon the songs of his youth, and travel again the hills and plains that once were his before the yellow primroses budded or the winter's rains fell chill on the graves where those he loved lie sleeping.—*Montreal Gazette.*

VISITING SHRINES.

That fresh old faith still survives among the more dreamy Orientals in all its fulness, and one is half tempted to envy it to them. How long it will linger on in anything like its pristine freshness and vigor even in the East it is difficult to say; but we suspect that material influences will sap it more swiftly but surely than moral ones. It is not certain that even the spread of education will fatally impair it. The religion of shrines and of pilgrimages is of the very essence of Mohammedanism, and a Mohammedan is seldom less devout because he has learned to go straight to his sacred writings for instruction as to the tenets of his faith. But in proportion as science and enterprise facilitate these holy journeys, as philanthropists encourage road-making and introduce sanitary improvements at the most renowned religious centres, as time is economised and mortality diminished, so the pilgrimages will assume an altered aspect. The number of votaries may increase for a time, but pilgrimage will be undertaken in a lighter spirit. We may call the motives that has hitherto sent men on such journeys superstition if we will; still it is impossible that people should not more or less feel it to be a serious matter to be travelling in the shadow of probable death. One remembers the graphic chapter in which Dr. Hunter describes those stupendous human sacrifices which are periodically offered at the shrine of Jagannath. The vexed question as to whether the devotees cast themselves deliberately under the car of the idol is of little consequence. They perish by thousands, by a death almost as certain, in the City of Puri, and on the roads that lead to it. They toil thither over burning plains and through pestilential swamps; they sojourn at the place itself in a crowded hotbed of disease, whose streets are so many streaming cesspools

fermenting under a blazing sun; they feed upon putrid rice and sweetmeats until these scanty supplies of slow poison run out, and then they starve. There must be something that is solemn and sincere about a journey that is likely to lead you literally through the Swarga-Dwara—the gate of heaven—although the motives that inspire it may be mingled, and although there may be much that is ludicrous and trivial in its episodes. So in that annual expedition of pious Mohammedans who make Cairo their starting-point for Mecca. It may not be so terrible an affair as its Hindu counterpart, and the goal at Mecca is looked forward to as a place of repose and refreshment, but, nevertheless, many drop by the way. For weeks, if not months, before the caravan starts, the men who mean to join it come flocking in to Cairo. Many of them ply their industries, or sell the wares they have brought from their own far countries, by way of providing for their travelling expenses. But, grave as is the ordinary population to be seen in the Cairo bazaars, you imagine that the faces of these stranger pilgrims look more serious than those of their neighbor. Nor is it surprising. It is not playing at religion to travel in a slow caravan through the sands, sunlight, and simoon of the burning desert, keeping body and soul together with a stock of provisions which there is seldom the means of replenishing; with brackish water, simmering in the bottom of their flaccid waterskins, speculating on the possible contents of the next distant well; to say nothing of the chances of attack from wandering Ishmaelish robbers who may not even respect the sacred Kisweh or the Mahmal. Yet the sufferings of Hindu and Moslem pilgrims have already been shortened; their expenses and the risks they run have been reduced. Puri and Mecca owe not a few of their visitors nowadays to Western energy and joint-stock enterprise. Many of the worshippers of Jagannath are carried cheaply third-class by Indian railway companies to the edge of the swamps and wastes, through which they have to foot it. Moors and Algerians, Syrians and Persians, take their steership passage to Alexandria on board a Mediterranean screw-steamer, in place of crowding together on some primitive craft which beats up slowly against the adverse elements, and whose decks are swept in turn by the chopping seas and the unwise boom of the tremendous lateen sail. Sooner or later the railway companies of Northern India may construct an Orissa extension; a native board of works may undertake the purification of Puri under English superintendence, and a city of model lodging-houses may rise round the gates of Jagannath's temple. Sooner or later that system of Egyptian railways which is stretching itself toward the oases in the Libyan Desert and the sources of the Nile will doubtless embrace the caravan road to Arabia; while, should the improving traffic be sufficiently encouraging, a regular line of steamers may be established to ply in correspondence with the port of the holy Mecca. Only, if the manner of pilgrimage comes to be modified by modern facilities, the spirit will probably be transformed as well.—*Saturday Review.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

PUNCTUATION first used in literature 1520. Before that time words and sentences were put together like this.

ADVICES received from Rome by the Vienna *New Free Press* state it to be the Pope's intention to canonize Mary Queen of Scots.

EVERY person on the staff of the London *Times* has held his place nine years, while some have been connected with the paper twenty-two years.

INDIANAPOLIS does not encourage tradesmen who try to recover debts. A grocer in that city who published a list of non-paying customers has been sued for libel.

A TESTIMONIAL, consisting of a silver tray and £3,500, has been presented to the Rev. James Martineau on his retirement from the pulpit of Little Portland Street Chapel. A previous testimonial of £5,000 was given last summer to the same gentleman by his congregation, in acknowledgment of his services as principal of Manchester College.

THE doom of Northumberland House is sealed at last. The Duke has agreed to sell it for £500,000, and a great street, flush with Cockspur street, will run through it down to the Embankment. According to the rate-books of St. Martin, the mansion was built in 1605 by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, from whom it passed to the Earls of Suffolk, and received the name of Suffolk House. It came to the Percy family by the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk, to Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, in 1642.

LAFAYETTE'S WATCH.—A curious discovery has just been made—the celebrated Lafayette's watch. When Lafayette visited America he was presented with a watch by Washington. Subsequently it was stolen from him while he was a guest of the Governor of Tennessee. Recently this relic has turned up, first at Louisville, where it was sold for \$70, and afterwards at New Orleans, where it was publicly exhibited. It is a thick small gold watch of ancient appearance, bearing the following inscription on the back:—"G. Washington to Gilbert Motier de Lafayette, Lord Cornwallis's captivation, Yorktown, December 17th, 1781."

SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S PALACE.—M. Mauch, an African wa-

veller, thus writes:—"I believe that I have found the real Ophir, in lat. 20 deg. 15 min S., long. 26 deg. 30 min. E., and I think I possess proofs of the fact. The ruins which have been so often spoken about are composed of two masses of edifice, in a tolerably good state of preservation. The first is on a mountain of granite; and amongst other constructions, is to be remarked one which is an imitation of the Temple of Solomon, being fortress and sanctuary at the same time, the walls of which are built in wrought granite, without mortar, and still being more than 30 ft. high. Beams of cedar served as ceiling to the narrow and covered galleries. No inscription exists, but only some special designs of ornamentation which announce a great antiquity. The whole western part of the mountain is covered with blocks of great size, which seem to indicate terraces. The second mass of ruins is situated to the south of the mountain, from which it is separated by a low valley; it retains a well-preserved circular form, with walls constructed as a labyrinth, also without mortar; a tower still exists, 30 ft. high, 17 ft. in diameter at the base, and 9 ft. at the top. The circular edifice is accompanied by a large number of others situated in the front, and which doubtless served as the habitation of the Queen of Sheba's suite. I have drawn, not without difficulty, a general sketch and a plan of this place. I was confirmed by the natives themselves in the idea that these ruins date from the Queen's time. Forty years since sacrifices were still offered up on the mountain. The natives still call the circular building the House of the Great Princess."

FAMILY MATTERS.

TO EXTRACT STAINS FROM SILVER.—Sal ammoniac, one part; vinegar, sixteen parts. Mix and use this liquid with a piece of flannel, then wash the plate in clean water.

RAILROAD CAKE.—One cupful of sugar; one cupful of flour; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; two tablespoonfuls of milk; three eggs: one tablespoonful of cream tartar; and one half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Boil one pint of cream and half a pint of milk with mace, cinnamon and lemon-peel—a little of each. When cold, mix the yolk of three eggs; sweeten, and make your cups of paste nearly full. Bake them ten minutes.

MOLASSES DROP CAKE.—One cupful of molasses, half a cup of butter or lard, half a cup of water, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda. Beat well together, and drop with a spoon on a buttered pan or in muffin-rings. Bake quickly.

TO CLEAN AND RESTORE THE ELASTICITY OF CANE CHAIR BOTTOMS.—Turn up the chair bottom, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane-work, so that it may be thoroughly soaked. Should it be dirty, use a little soap. Let it dry in the air, and it will be as tight and as firm as when new, provided the cane is not broken.

SHORT CAKE.—Three pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of lard, a teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream of tartar; mix with cold milk. For strawberry cake, open these when first baked, take out some of the crumb, and fill the inside with ripe strawberries, sugared; close and bake the cakes five minutes longer.

TO DESTROY MOTHS IN CARPETS.—Wring a coarse towel out of clean water; spread it smoothly on the carpet; iron it dry with a hot iron; repeat the operation on all parts of the carpet suspected of being infested with moths. No need to press hard, and neither the pile nor the color of the carpet will be injured, and the moths will be destroyed by the heat and steam.

TO JUDGE THE AGE OF FOWLS.—If a hen's spur is hard, and the scales of the legs rough, she is old whether you see her head or not, but her head will corroborate your observation. If the underbill is so stiff that you cannot bend it down, and the comb thick and rough leave her, no matter how fat and plump, for some one less particular. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs; the scales on the legs are smooth, glossy and fresh colored, whatever the color may be; the claws tender and short, the bills sharp, the underbill soft, and the comb thin and smooth.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

If worms infest your flower-pots apply water in which a little fresh lime has been dissolved.

A MINNESOTA dairy produced 27,434 pounds of cheese last season, without putting itself out of the whey.

DR. SYLVESTER says he has no doubt that healthy trees may be infected by the poison of diseased ones, conveyed upon saw or pruning shears, and he advises that these implements be carefully washed in a solution of carbolic acid after being used about a blighted pear, or a peach with the yellows.

MANY practical fruit-growers maintain that it is absurd to assume an arbitrary limit; and say below that, if the mercury falls, we shall have no peaches, for the power of resistance to a very low temperature depends on the more or less thorough ripening of the wood and buds the previous season. If the buds go into winter quarters badly developed and on half-ripened wood, then zero may kill them, or 5° or 10°

below; but if the season was favorable then there is no knowing how low a temperature peach buds even may endure with impunity. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* reports Dr. Hull as saying that the best crop of peaches he ever grew was the summer following one of our coldest winters. If, however, during winter there occur eight or ten days of mild weather, so as to start the buds, then follows a sharp spell, destruction is pretty sure.

PLANT TREES FOR PROFIT.—A good deal of needless alarm exists at the prospect of great droughts appearing when our forests shall have been cut away. The statements made by Bayard Taylor, Humboldt, and others to prove this are of doubtful application. It is true that a country is more moist where forests abound, but the amount of rainfall of a country cannot depend upon the presence nor absence of trees. The whole country from Indiana to the Missouri River is mainly a vast prairie, and yet the rainfall is equal to what it is in the timbered regions of the Atlantic States, or even of Canada and Maine, where there are unbroken forests. If there were not a tree on the whole of the British Islands, they would still be drenched with showers condensed from the warm and damp winds of the Gulf Stream. The Rocky Mountain region is far from being destitute of trees; indeed, there are vast forests; and yet along the borders of the mountains, upon the plains, three, six, and sometimes nine months pass and not a drop of rain falls. Rainfall depends upon climatic conditions, which trees cannot affect, though forests retain water long when it does come.

Trees should be planted for quite another reason, and this for their commercial value. Timber of all kinds is growing scarcer and dearer; and fruit growing is becoming more difficult for want of the shelter which forests would afford. Of late years many farmers have made commendable efforts in tree planting, and not one has the least regret that labor and money have been expended to this end. On the contrary, every man looks with pride upon even half a dozen trees of his own planting.

The encouragement offered by Congress for tree planting by making the terms of payment on Government land easier and a trifle less, can have but a slight influence, because the owners of such land are poor, and they never will nor can they engage in labor that is without immediate reward. Men of means and such persons as are getting somewhat fore-handed will engage in tree-planting, and even these require much urging and argument to be convinced that tree planting will pay. The greatest help is the example, and one man only in a county may, by setting out an acre, even if only cottonwood, induce hundreds of other farmers to do likewise.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GOLDEN GRAINS.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

He who will not take cheap advice will have to bear dear repentance.

NEVER marry a woman till you know where her dress ends and her soul begins.

MAKE an impartial estimate of your revenue, and, whatever it is, live upon less. Do this, and you will never be poor.

MANY run about after happiness, like an absent minded man hunting for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

GIVE us sincere friends or none. This hollow glitter of smiles and words, compliments that mean nothing, is worthless.

It is far better to be sure of something, and to rest content with it, than to risk all for some mere possibility of great gain.

THE longer we live and the more we think the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends.

SUBMIT your sentiments with diffidence. A dictatorial style, though it may carry conviction, is always accompanied with disgust.

SINCERITY is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

RESTRAIN thy choler, hearken much and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and the greatest evil that is done in the world.

THOSE who retire from the world on account of its sins must not forget that they have yet to keep company with a person who wants just as much watching as anybody else.

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

If young people are induced—led, not forced—to begin their reading aright, the chances are largely in their favor that their critical knowledge will make them good judges afterwards.

ONE should not be downcast at failures. They are often far better for the student than success. He who goes to school to his mistakes will always have a good schoolmaster, and will not be likely to become idle or conceited.

THE great high-road of human welfare lies along the old high-road of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort.

ONE good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts." But example is far more than precept. In its instruction is action.

ALWAYS avoid the company in which you are willing to tell a coarse jest, because for you it is a demoralising company. Grossness is never humorous; profanity is never admirable; and if your manner and speech once begin to ravel out upon that edge, all their manliness and charm are in danger.

TRIALS are moral ballast that often prevent our capsizing. When we have much to carry, Heaven rarely fails to fit the back to the burden. Where we have nothing to bear, we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may beslow in reaching the destined port, but the vessel without ballast is in imminent danger of not reaching it at all.

THE SABBATH.—This is the loveliest, brightest day in all the week to a spiritual mind. These rests refresh the soul in God that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature. Should not this day be welcome to the soul, that sets it free to mind its own business, which has other days to attend to the business of its servant, the body? And these are a certain pledge to it of that expected freedom when it shall enter on an eternal Sabbath, and rest in Him for ever who is the only rest of the soul.—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

ENVY is a displeasure for some supposed advantage in another. The object of this passion is something more desirable; and although excellency, precisely considered, cannot occasion dislike, yet excellency misplaced may. The envious man believes himself eclipsed by the lustre of his neighbor; that which is good in itself becomes an evil to him, and makes him wish it either removed or extinguished. Envy, like a cold poison, benumbs and stupefies; and thus, as if conscious of its own impotence, it folds its arms in despair, and sits cursing in a corner. Envy is no less foolish than detestable; it is a vice which they say keeps no holiday, but is always working upon its own disquiet.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THE WORST RATTLETRAP GOING—The dice box.

A CINCINNATI editor asks, "Are we fire-proof?" We hope he is.

WHAT is that which a blind man can very often see as well as any one who has eyes?—A joke.

A CAROLINA negro, on being examined, was asked if his master was a true Christian.—"No, sir; he is a politician," was the reply.

A SOMEWHAT illiterate gentleman up town has named his dog "Michael Angelo," on the supposition that M. A. was one of the old mastiffs.

BLACKY LESS.—A negro lately died. The neighbors said he was a blackamoor. We contend that he was not a blacky more, but a blacky less.

A MAN advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

WESTERN women are grumbling terribly because the managers of agricultural fairs don't give at least a year's notice when they offer prizes for the finest babies.

A YANKEE has just invented a new kind of braces, that contracts on your approach to water, and the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over, and drops you on the opposite side.

THIN party (to street urchin)—"Boy, what do you suppose that dog is following me for?" The youngster casts a knowing look at him and readily replies: "Guess he takes you for a bone!"

ONLY NATURAL.—A certain city was about to be destroyed. The women were allowed to leave, and were told that they might carry away on their backs whatever they most prized. Each woman took a man.

A YOUNG MAN at Niagara having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then went home. His body was found next morning in bed.

MARK TWAIN said in his late lecture, that "in the Sandwich Islands everything was done in an 'upsidedown' manner. Among other foolish things that they do is to elect the most incorruptible men to Congress."

A LITTLE GIRL was one day reading the *History of England* with her governess, and, coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she looked up, and said, "Whatever did he do when he was tickled?"

SLOWLY, but surely, the great of the world are passing away, and none remain to fill their places. To the long array of brilliant and famous men lately deceased we are now obliged to add that of Mr. Ephraim O. Michel, the "champion clam-digger," of Bridgeport, Ct.

A PHILADELPHIAN traveling in Texas lately made up his mind to give a public library to a town to which he took a fancy. His intention becoming known to the inhabitants, they held

a public meeting and voted to "take shot-guns and buck-shot instead of the books," if it was all the same to him.

"THAT's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to one of his parishioners, a peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey. "I never see you but the creature is braying."—"Eh, sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet."

NOTHING makes a Minnesota husband so mad as to fill his boots with buckwheat cakes in the raw, and then laugh at him when he pulls them on. Mrs. Smith, of Winona, will endorse this statement as soon as the swelling in her nose subsides sufficiently to enable her to read; for he had battered her head as effectually as she had battered his feet.

AN agricultural paper says strawberry beds may be protected from birds by running a wire along the walk to which a cat is chained. Her movements up and down the length of the wire will keep the birds away. Where there is no chain, the wire can be run through the cat, and heated with a temperature that will fill the cat with a longing to keep moving.

A 'CUTE LADY.—Lady Browne and I were as usual going to the Duchess of Monroes at seven o'clock. The evening was dark. In the close lane, under the park pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman, and so I found did Browne, for she was speaking, and stopped. To divert her fears, I was going to say, "Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?" when I heard a voice cry "Stop!" and then the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch and stuff it within my dress under the arm. He said, "Your purse and watches?" "I have no watch," I replied. "Then your purse." I gave it to him; it had nine guineas in it. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but I felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, "Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you." "No, you won't frighten the lady," I said. "No, I give you my word I will not hurt you," he replied. Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch, but he said, "I am much obliged to you; I wish you good-night," pulled off his hat, and rode away. "Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it." "Oh, but I am," she said; "and now I'm in terror lest he return, for I have given him a purse with bad money that I carry on purpose."—LADY WALPOLE.

OUR PUZZLER.

31. ANAGRAM.

(The italicised words give the name of a famous play.)

Artful Bell to the card-room dispatch'd grand-mamma,
And in similar fashion got rid of papa:
Then sly puss, 'hind the curtain was secretly
kiss'd,
While grannie was playing her tenth game of
whist!

A. H. B.

32. ENIGMA.

Very oft in the shop of the chemist I'm seen,
And blazing with heat in the furnace have been;
Whenever I speak it is with a loud roar.
The doctor's boy bumps me about very sore;
His filthy concoctions pollute me inside,
And had I been mortal, ere this should have
died.
What though I am stone dead, I'm proud of my
birth;
I'm Adam-like, form'd from the dust of the
Earth.

I am often united, and well known to stick
To my partner, who is a rosy-cheek'd brick,
Together we strengthen both cottage and hall,
And miles off I've knock'd down an enemy's
wall.

PROTEUS.

33. CHARADE.

Divide the Earth, withdraw one-fifth,
My first you then will see;
From second Abraham went forth;
(his language was Chaldean.)

Oh, had I the immortal pen
Of Tennyson the great!
The deeds of him, my wondrous whole,
Right well I could relate.

BETSY HAMMON.

34. REBUS.

A fish found chiefly in ponds; a well-known
heathen god; what would not be pleasant at
sea; what we have to pay if we take a drive; a
town in Prussia, on the Oder; and a flowing
back. The initials and finals will give two
brothers celebrated in heathen mythology.

GRIOUSE.

ANSWERS.

27. RIDDLE: Fowl; owl.
28. ENIGMA: An Oyster.
29. CHARADE: Pan-Tom-I-Me.
30. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS: Naples; Osor-kow; Rhone; Waterford; Acre; Yucatan.—NORWAY; SWEDEN.

Continued from page 129.

be a witness to our interview, it may end fatally for one."

"Look here," said Mr. Fowler, catching Morton by the arm and placing his own back against the door, "this sort of thing won't do at all, Charlie; no case of 'coffee for four, pistols for two,' when I am concerned. No sir. If you want a little of the manly art, I don't mind holding the sponge for you, and wiping your mouth out with a drop of vinegar when you can scarcely come to time; but, none of this blood and thunder business shall go on while I stand around. As soon as you get sane I shall be happy to go up with you, and we'll interview the doctor together. I don't mind trying to hang him in a square sort of way, you know; but I won't have any unfair business while I am around; so you must promise me, Charlie,—I can trust to your word—that there shall be no violence, or you shan't go to see him to-night."

Mr. Morton laughed a little at this outburst of his friend's, and his ill-humor seemed to pass away in a moment.

"Gus, old fellow, you need not be at all alarmed," he said. "I shall not make this a desperate case; come with me, if only to convince you how mild and amiable I can be."

"Charlie," responded Mr. Fowler, moving from the door, and extending his hand, "put it there! You're a brick, that's what you are; and I'll see you through this business as long as I have a leg to stand on; and if the doctor's head wants punching we'll do it together, old fellow, and I'll introduce him to a few of the dodges I learnt from Joe Coburn, while I was in New York."

The pair departed arm in arm for Dr. Griffith's office, and Morton tried hard to be merry and jolly as they went along. But the effort was a severe one; the strong feeling which had been raised within him by the story he had heard, could not be easily controlled; and Mr. Fowler noticing his companion's excitement was making mental bets with himself as to the probability of the doctor's head being "punched" as soon as Morton met him.

The meeting, however, was not destined to take place. On reaching Dr. Griffith's office they were informed by the servant that the doctor had left town and would not return for two or three weeks.

"Where has he gone?" asked Morton.

"I don't know exactly, sir; but I think it must be somewhere west, as I heard him say he had to catch the eight o'clock train."

Mr. Morton looked at his watch. It was no use trying to catch him at the depot now as it was already past eight, and the train had started.

"Gus," he said, "I don't know what to do; whether I ought to follow Harry, or wait quietly until his return. What do you think?"

"I think it's no use trying to think about it to-night. You can't follow him now, for you don't know where he has gone, and even if you did there is no train now to go by. Wait until to-morrow, old fellow; sleep over it, and perhaps some bright inspiration might come to you in your dreams."

To tell the truth Fowler was rather glad that the doctor was absent, for he feared the consequences of a meeting with Morton in the humor that gentleman was in. "Better give Charlie a chance to cool off," was Mr. Fowler's mental soliloquy, "it can't do him much harm to wait until to-morrow."

Morton turned impatiently away, and walked rapidly down the hill in silence. Mr. Fowler was a good walker, but he found some difficulty in keeping up with his companion, and he felt very much as if he was in for a walking match; still he said nothing until they had descended the hill and were turning into St. James street, when Mr. Morton suddenly stopped and said:

"Gus, I have thought it over. I'll put this matter into the hands of a detective. I have great faith in detectives, they are wonderful fellows for finding out things. I'll set Murphy or Cullen to work to-morrow morning, and I'll soon know whether there is any truth in Mr. Harway's story or not."

"That's right, old boy, let the matter rest until to-morrow; and, as you've nothing special to do to-night, come up to my room and smoke a quiet pipe; perhaps, Frank may be able to give us an idea, he's a wonderful fellow for ideas altho' his head is always so full of hip bones, and all that sort of things, you know."

He linked his arm through Mr. Morton's, and they strolled up St. James street, towards Mr. Fowler's boarding house.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I am an old bachelor. At sixty-five I can say I shall never be anything else while I live; but, like all other men—all I have ever met, at least—I have loved, and hoped to be happy with my chosen bride.

That passion, those hopes, faded forty years ago. Since then I have done penance for the hasty act of one night: I have shunned the society of women, and forbade myself the shadow of a hope that I might patch my tattered joys with new ones.

To none who know me have I ever told the tale. I should have been esteemed a liar, or a

madman, and no one would willingly accept such a reputation. To you, unknown reader, I dare to recite the events of those four and twenty hours—events which turned my life into its now well-worn channel, and made me the lonely, hopeless man I am.

At the age of twenty-four I was a clerk in the establishment of Messrs. Carp and Cavil, lawyers. I had energy and ambition, health and opportunity—everything, in fact, that could be wished for by a man who hoped to fight his way up in the world, and win wealth and reputation.

I was engaged to a young lady by the name of Grace Hunter, a pretty, delicate creature, so quiet that her pet name, Snowflake, seemed the only one suitable for her. Her step was noiseless; her movements soft; her voice sweet and

I was young and light of heart, and when I had once entered the lighted parlors I did not sit silent in the corner.

I talked; I sang; I turned the music for musical ladies; I walked through the Lancers. At last I found myself flirting with one of the female guests.

There are women a man is obliged to flirt with. He does not admire them, respect them, or love them one whit; he does not even desire their society; but he must be more than man ere he can refuse to respond to their advances. One of these women, I know now, having played the looker-on for so many years, can make any man appear to other women desperately in love with her, while he almost detests her. A woman of this kind was among the company. She had hands that delighted in



"TIS THE OLD, OLD TALE."—SEE PAGE 130.

low. She never herself entertained a large company by her conversation, or did any of those things that give a woman the reputation for brilliancy; but her mental powers were very fine, and in a *little-à-little* she was enchanting. A lady to the heart's core, in my eyes at least, a perfect beauty, she might yet have been forgotten by most men in a room full of giggling, chatting girls.

I adored her. I had felt that her love was a jewel worthy of an emperor's wearing, and I had scarcely dared to utter the words that told her all I felt. Even now her high-bred reserve kept me at a little distance. I was proud of her. I felt unworthy of her. She was at once the saint whom I revered, and the being whom it was to be my delight to cherish and protect until death should part us.

Six months had passed since she had promised to be mine. At the end of six more, she was to give me her hand. I had a small salary, but my grandmother had left me a legacy which would enable us to go to housekeeping in plain but comfortable style, and Grace was willing to fight life's battles by my side.

Life seemed bright and joyous to me on that night of midwinter, forty years ago, when I walked through the city streets with Grace upon my arm, and looking down at her in her white wrappings, with gleams of frosty starlight touching her black hair, wondered if the angels were fairer than she was.

We were going to spend the evening at a mutual friend's residence. There was to be music and dancing and cards, and a sociable supper. I went because Grace desired to go.

Her sole society at her own home was more delightful to me than any other company; but

soft touches of hands masculine; eyes that could cast glances bright and enchanting. She possessed attraction rather than beauty. What she said was nothing; her conversation had no interest, but I knew that I seemed absorbed by her—that I really was absorbed; in two words, that I flirted abominably with her.

Grace, meanwhile, sat apart from me. She talked to others in her low, sweet tones. Once she sang a pretty love song. Quite calm and self-possessed, with no appearance of noticing my conduct, the thought that it troubled her never occurred to me. So that when the evening was over, and we had left the house together, I was astonished beyond measure to see an offended look upon her face, and to hear an offended tone in her voice. I offered her my arm. She rejected it, replying that the ground was damp, and that her hands were occupied with her dress, but I knew that this was merely an excuse; and feeling myself in the wrong, and having swallowed more wine than I should at the supper table, I grew very angry.

"May I ask what I have done?" I said.

"You know," said Grace.

"I know!" I repeated. "Nay, I know nothing of a woman's fancies. You must explain."

"I scarcely think it worth while," said she. "If you do not know that you have done wrong to-night, I really should not care. You have neglected me, and devoted yourself to that vulgar woman. I heard a lady near me say that you seemed to be tired of your bargain. She thought that you were in love with that creature. So did other people. Under the circumstances, I have a right to feel offended, insulted."

Perhaps she thought I would deny her charge.

Perhaps she expected me to plead for pardon. God knows what possessed me. I answered only:

"May I not talk to a pretty woman because I hope to marry you some day?"

"You were flirting—almost making love to her," she replied.

"She is the sort of woman with whom men fall in love," I said. "Irresistible in her manner, I've heard she makes conquests everywhere: I don't doubt it."

Grace looked at me with a stern face—white, in the starlight, as a marble statue.

"Other women are always jealous of such women," I added.

Her lip curled.

"I am not jealous of her," she said. "I would not be like her for a kingdom. She is a terrible woman. But since you admire her so, you are free to tell her so after you have seen me to my door."

"Grace!" I said.

"Miss Hunter, if you please, Mr. Rutherford," said she. "We have both made a little mistake easily rectified; that is all."

I felt, as I stood looking at her, that the effect of the wine I had drunk upon me was stronger than I had thought, but I gave no heed to the warning of my giddy head and rapid pulse.

"Just as you please," I said. "I should think that a jealous woman would curse any man's life. I'll go now. I won't trouble you longer. Good-bye."

We were not at the door of her home—we were about half a block from it; but I turned on my heel then and there, and left her. I staggered a little as I walked, and I was hot and angry. I made my way home, and without undressing, fell upon my bed and dropped asleep.

In two hours I awakened sober. I sat up and looked about me. The scenes of the evening recurred to me vividly. I saw how blameworthy I had been, and a terrible grief possessed me. I put my head down upon my hands and burst into bitter tears. I had lost her, and with her all that made life precious. Then hope dawned upon my soul. I would write to her; tell her how unused to liquor as I was, the wine had effected me. I would tell her that to my sober self there was no charm in the woman who had seemed to enchant me the evening before. I would draw the comparison that I felt so keenly between her pure self and that bold-eyed flirt. I would pray for forgiveness, and she would forgive me.

Springing to my feet, I rushed to my desk. I drew from it pen and paper. I wrote a letter overflowing with remorse and tenderness. I read it and re-read it. Then leaving it lying upon the spot where it was written, I stood at the window waiting for the tardy dawn, jealous of the slow hours that kept my missive from my darling.

The night was at its stillest. The stars were bright as ever, but the moon had set.

I had put out my candle when I left my desk, and the room should have been dark; but as I turned my head after a long and anxious revery, I saw that it was full of a pale radiance like that of moonlight. It startled me. Whence did the light come? Had a miracle occurred—had the moon risen again?

Suddenly, amid this silvery light appeared a still whiter radiance. It slowly took form. A female figure, in white garments so bright that they dazzled the eyes, stood bending over my letter.

I remained motionless—to speak or stir was not in my power—and gazed on the strange object with terrified intensity. The figure seemed to turn the pages of my letter with its transparent hand. I heard a gentle sigh; then the head turned toward me, and I saw a face I knew—the face that seemed the loveliest of all on earth to me, endowed with a mysterious and divine beauty for which no man on earth could find words—the glorified face of sweet Grace Hunter.

At the sight I burst the bonds which held me—bonds as tangible as though I could have seen them—and rushed forward. I strove to clasp my love, or her shadow, in my arms. A shock such as one might experience from an electrical machine flashed through me, and I fell powerless to the floor.

When I recovered the day had dawned, and under the blue morning sky the city had awakened; but my day never dawned again. My heart never awoke to life's sweetness.

To end this story in a few short words, Grace Hunter never reached her home that night, and never was heard of again. The family imagined that she had remained with her friends, and were not anxious about her. I had left her within sight of her own door, and why she did not reach it I shall never know. But I do know that in some awful manner she died that night, and that her parting spirit paused in its flight to bid me a long farewell.

I have outlived my youth, and the suspicion that fell upon me and embittered many years of my existence; but I never shall outlive my love for Grace Hunter, or my remorse for that night's awful work. I shall never outlive the knowledge that, in the madness caused by wine and an evil woman's enchantment, I was the cause of my darling's unknown death.

A Parisian paper, reporting a duel which had just taken place, stated that "the seconds, on arriving on the ground, placed the adversaries at an equal (!) distance from each other."

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